

CONTEMPORARY
VERSE ANTHOLOGY

1916 - 1920



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CONTEMPORARY VERSE ANTHOLOGY



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Contemporary Verse

CONTEMPORARY VERSE ANTHOLOGY

Favorite Poems Selected from the Magazine
"CONTEMPORARY VERSE"
1916—1920

With an Introduction
By
CHARLES WHARTON STORK



NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & CO.
681 FIFTH AVENUE



306913 / 34
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Printed in the United States of America

*To our loyal Contributors who have
made possible this Volume; and to
all other Americans who believe in
Poetry as the Expression of Life.*

We gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to the publishers in whose books some of the poems included in *Contemporary Verse Anthology* have appeared:—

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
AN INVOCATION..... <i>DuBose Heyward</i>	1
TO-DAY <i>Amory Hare</i>	2
THREE POEMS..... <i>Karle Wilson Baker</i>	
I LOVE THE FRIENDLY FACES OF OLD SORROWS..	4
DEATH THE HIGHWAYMAN.....	5
MORNING SONG.....	6
THE AMERICAN..... <i>Louis Untermeyer</i>	7
WHAT IF THE LAPSE OF AGES WERE A DREAM?	
<i>Stephen Moylan Bird</i>	10
THE ANCHOR..... <i>William Laird</i>	12
DEFEAT..... <i>Glenn Ward Dresbach</i>	14
THE TWO DRINKERS (From the French of Charles	
Vildrac) <i>Witter Bynner</i>	15
GOLD-IN-GRAY..... <i>Robert Gilbert Welsh</i>	17
ECHOES..... <i>Ruth Lambert Jones</i>	19
WON BY EAR..... <i>Daniel W. Troy</i>	20
"SHINE!"..... <i>Amory Hare</i>	21
PIER 6..... <i>Francis T. Kimball</i>	23
THE WATCHMAN..... <i>Miriam Vedder</i>	25
GOD'S PITY..... <i>Louise Driscoll</i>	26
MAKE BELIEVE..... <i>Helen Hoyt</i>	27
PATCHWORK..... <i>Mary Willis Shuey</i>	28
A SONG OF BUTTE..... <i>Howard Mumford Jones</i>	30
LAND OF THE FREE... <i>Gertrude Cornwell Hopkins</i>	34
THE POEM..... <i>Clement Wood</i>	35
THE BIRD..... <i>Caroline Stern</i>	39
CHAINS..... <i>Glenn Ward Dresbach</i>	40

Contents

DISTANCE.....	<i>Margaret E. McCallie</i>	41
THE DAY THAT LOVE CAME DOWN TO ME.		
	<i>Haniel Long</i>	42
A SONG OF PIERROT.....	<i>Maurice A. Hanline</i>	43
THE UNFORGIVEN.....	<i>Nancy Barr Mavity</i>	45
THE DOOR.....	<i>Mary Carolyn Davies</i>	46
INVIOULATE.....	<i>Marx G. Sabel</i>	47
"LES LAURIERS SONT COUPES".....	<i>Elinor Wylie</i>	48
CERTITUDE.....	<i>Helen Hoyt</i>	49
BY THE HEARTH.....	<i>Amory Hare</i>	51
SILENCED.....	<i>Willard Wattles</i>	53
TO YOU.....	<i>Beatrice W. Ravenel</i>	54
CONTRASTS.....	<i>Marie Louise Hersey</i>	55
MY MOTHER.....	<i>E. Merrill Root</i>	56
RETURN AFTER DEATH.....	<i>John Hall Wheelock</i>	58
IN AN OLD HOUSE.....	<i>Winifred Welles</i>	61
THE RUINED 'DOBE.....	<i>Jennie Harris Oliver</i>	63
THE RETURN.....	<i>Scudder Middleton</i>	65
FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND.		
	<i>Raymond Peckham Holden</i>	66
THE MAN AT THE PLOW.....	<i>Ruthele Novak</i>	67
I STOOD AT TWILIGHT.....	<i>Berenice K. Van Slyke</i>	68
THE PUSH-CART.....	<i>William Rose Benét</i>	69
CHALLENGE.....	<i>Eleanor Duncan Wood</i>	72
WAIF.....	<i>Amanda Benjamin Hall</i>	73
THE ASHMAN.....	<i>Joyce Kilmer</i>	77
THE FREIGHT YARDS.....	<i>Phoebe Hoffman</i>	84
I WOULD NOT DIE IN APRIL.....	<i>Clement Wood</i>	86
SPRING COWARDICE.....	<i>Leonora Speyer</i>	87
A DEAD MAN.....	<i>Wilton Agnew Barrett</i>	88

Contents

NOT I.....	<i>Lizette Woodworth Reese</i>	89
FUNERAL.....	<i>Raymond Peckham Holden</i>	90
A DAY IN MAY.....	<i>Ruthale Novak</i>	92
MAY.....	<i>Stephen Moylan Bird</i>	93
TO NARCISSUS.....	<i>Winifred Welles</i>	94
A SONG FOR MY FATHER..	<i>Grace Hazard Conkling</i>	95
THE DAY YOU WENT.....	<i>Beatrice W. Ravenel</i>	96
A REVENANT.....	<i>Dorothy Anderson</i>	97
TANAGER.....	<i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i>	99
MY GARDEN IS A PLEASANT PLACE.	<i>Louise Driscoll</i>	101
MY SOUL IS A MOTH.....	<i>Dorothy Anderson</i>	104
THREE SONGS FOR E.....	<i>Sara Teasdale</i>	
I. GRAY EYES.....		106
II. MEADOWLARKS		106
III. THE NET.....		107
DUSK IN THE GARDEN...	<i>Grace Hazard Conkling</i>	108
RONDELS OF LOMALAND.....	<i>Kenneth Morris</i>	
THE RAIN.....		109
NOON ON THE HILLSIDE.....		109
THE FLOWERS.....		110
EVENING OVER FALSE BAY.....		111
A MORNING IN SEPTEMBER.....		111
PAMPAS-GRASS		112
KATHLEEN.....	<i>Bernard Raymund</i>	113
TO DANCE!.....	<i>Margaret B. McGee</i>	114
FOREST DANCE.....	<i>Mary Carolyn Davies</i>	115
THE FIDDLER.....	<i>Edna Valentine Trapnell</i>	117
THE DANCER IN THE SHRINE.	<i>Amanda Benjamin Hall</i>	119
FIRE-WEED IN THE FOREST..	<i>Julian M. Drachman</i>	121

Contents

COURAGE, MON AMI!.....	<i>Willard Wattles</i>	123
HA! HA!.....	<i>Willard Wattles</i>	124
JOY O' LIVING.....	<i>Amanda Benjamin Hall</i>	125
RENDEZVOUS.....	<i>Leonora Speyer</i>	127
THE NATURALIST ON A JUNE SUNDAY.	<i>Leonora Speyer</i>	129
WEEK-END SONNETS.....	<i>John French Wilson</i>	131
FISHING.....	<i>Maxwell Struthers Burt</i>	134
INLAND.....	<i>Frances Dickenson Pinder</i>	137
WEATHER.....	<i>Marguerite Wilkinson</i>	138
SUMMER SEA.....	<i>Archie Austin Coates</i>	139
LONELINESS.....	<i>E. J. Coatsworth</i>	140
INLAND.....	<i>Edna Valentine Trapnell</i>	141
THE TANKERS.....	<i>Gordon Malherbe Hillman</i>	143
"SHIPPING NEWS".....	<i>David Morton</i>	145
CROSSING ON THE SEATTLE FERRY.	<i>Clare D. Stewart</i>	146
BEAUTY LIKE YOURS.....	<i>David Morton</i>	149
SAND.....	<i>Hortense Flexner</i>	150
MASKS.....	<i>Marianne Moore</i>	151
THE ELM.....	<i>Odell Shepard</i>	152
THESE ARE THY SHEEP, THEOCRITUS.	<i>Helen Coale Crew</i>	154
A HOME.....	<i>Hardwicke Marmaduke Nevin</i>	157
IN THE SKY GARDEN.....	<i>Stephen Moylan Bird</i>	158
THE QUEEN'S SHRIFT.....	<i>D. E. P. Harding</i>	159
FROM "SONGS FOR A MASK".	<i>Margaret Widdemer</i>	162
SWANHILD SINGS TO THE KNIGHT.....		
THE WATERFALL.....	<i>Marion Couthow Smith</i>	163
SIXTEEN.....	<i>Elizabeth Hanly</i>	164
FREESIA.....	<i>Theresa Helburn</i>	166
IN.....	<i>Beatrice W. Ravenel</i>	167

Contents

UNDER AUTUMN TREES...	<i>Christine Turner Curtis</i>	168
AN APPLE EATER TO A COQUETTE...	<i>William Laird</i>	169
THE COQUETTE TO THE APPLE EATER.		
	<i>Mary Eleanor Roberts</i>	170
FOUR WALLS.....	<i>Mary Morsell</i>	171
BROOMGRASS.....	<i>Beatrice W. Ravenel</i>	172
CERTAINTY.....	<i>Beatrice W. Ravenel</i>	173
THE SOUL'S GOODBYE.....	<i>John M. Waring</i>	174
BELLS OF ERIN.....	<i>Norreys Jephson O'Connor</i>	176
COMFORT.....	<i>Margaret French Patton</i>	178
HOME.....	<i>Berenice K. Van Slyke</i>	179
IN THE HALLWAY.....	<i>Louis Ginsberg</i>	181
THE SINGER EXULTS.....	<i>Salomon de la Selva</i>	182
THE POET'S PATH.....	<i>Daniel Henderson</i>	183
BUBBLES.....	<i>Oscar C. Williams</i>	184
MIST.....	<i>Margie Potter</i>	185
PULVIS ET UMBRA.....	<i>Edward J. O'Brien</i>	187
REVELATION.....	<i>Louise Townsend Nicholl</i>	188
THE TISSUE.....	<i>Gamaliel Bradford</i>	189
WHO.....	<i>Gamaliel Bradford</i>	190
MY YOUTH.....	<i>Gamaliel Bradford</i>	191
BROWN LEAVES.....	<i>Gamaliel Bradford</i>	192
THE DRONE.....	<i>Gamaliel Bradford</i>	193
EXPENSES.....	<i>Gamaliel Bradford</i>	194
THE DAINTY VIRTUE.....	<i>Gamaliel Bradford</i>	195
ROUSSEAU.....	<i>Gamaliel Bradford</i>	196
GOD.....	<i>Gamaliel Bradford</i>	197
BED-TIME.....	<i>Ralph M. Jones</i>	198
AFTER SORROW.....	<i>Winifred Welles</i>	200
WINTER FLOWERS.....	<i>Effie Bangs Warvelle</i>	201

Contents

SNOW.....	<i>C. A. Huntington</i>	202
STRESS OF SNOW.....	<i>Charles R. Murphy</i>	203
STORIES.....	<i>Maxwell Struthers Burt</i>	207
DARKNESS.....	<i>Katharine Wisner McCluskey</i>	210
SONGS FOR PARENTS.....	<i>John Chipman Farrar</i>	
WISH		211
A COMPARISON.....		211
PARENTHOOD		212
THE WIND-GODS.....	<i>Percival Allen</i>	213
THE CHOOSING.....	<i>Ruth Comfort Mitchell</i>	215
MRS. SENATOR JONES.....	<i>Elliott C. Lincoln</i>	218
THE LAST SPEECH OF SILENT SAM..	<i>John T. Troth</i>	220
THE OLD GODS MARCH.....	<i>Leyland Huckfield</i>	226
LIFE AS A GAGE YOU FLUNG....	<i>John Pierre Roche</i>	228
LARGESS.....	<i>Leslie Nelson Jennings</i>	229
A PRAYER.....	<i>William Laird</i>	230
WESTWARD.....	<i>William Laird</i>	231
GEE-UP DAR, MULES.....	<i>Edwin Ford Piper</i>	233
THE DRAFTED MOUNTAINEER SALUTES.		
	<i>Hortense Flexner</i>	235
SEKHMET, THE LION-HEADED.....	<i>Leonora Speyer</i>	236
THE TAKING OF BAGDAD.....	<i>Kadra Maysi</i>	238
BETRAYAL AND ABSOLUTION.		
	<i>O. R. Howard Thomson</i>	240
CANDLE FAMINE IN PARIS.		
	<i>Louise Townsend Nicholl</i>	242
IT IS NOT STRANGE.....	<i>Witter Bynner</i>	245
PEACE.....	<i>Frances Dickenson Pinder</i>	246
THIS SOLDIER GENERATION.		
	<i>William Alexander Percy</i>	247
BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX TO POETS REPRESENTED.....		249

INTRODUCTION

IT IS strange that among the numerous collections of modern American verse none has hitherto been broadly devoted to the needs and interests of the general reading public. It is due to this lack, I feel, that many intelligent persons have looked askance at the so-called "new verse," supposing that whatever it may mean, it can mean but little to them. Confronted with various recent effusions, they have gone back to the Fireside Encyclopedia, or some similar collection of their old favorites. This was a pity, and yet it was most natural.

The fact is that it is always the bizarre and eccentric in contemporary art that is forced upon our attention. The quiet, sincere painter, composer, or writer has to make his or her way slowly. Thus while the imitators of Whitman and various imported cults have been ramping on the American literary stage, it might well be supposed that Poe, Longfellow, Whittier, and Emerson have had no successors. Yet these latter poets were read by millions when Whitman was at best read by thousands. Far be it from me to underestimate the growing importance of Whitman, but on the other hand, it is merely narrow to condemn the American public because it still prefers the simpler, clearer work of the other poets.

A perusal of this volume will, I think, show that the older type of American poetry is being very earnestly and successfully cultivated today. It has made many important developments, has thoroughly caught the

Introduction

vitality of this generation, without losing the sanity of the earlier tradition. The newer popular poetry, as I may call what this volume attempts to present, is very properly different from the work of Poe and the New England school. It is less idealistic than Poe, less moralizing than Lowell or Longfellow. Above all things it is closer to life, more enthusiastic about the world of nature and men that surrounds us. In this may be seen the more beneficial side of Whitman's influence, but the advance has come about rather from the changing temper of the people than through any single author or group of authors.

The important thing here is to define the difference between the newer popular poetry and the radical experiments which have partly obscured its existence. The crucial point is the distinction between individuality and egotism. One class of versifiers, with the desire of writing what people will like, solve the question by writing only what people *have* liked; in other words, consciously or unconsciously, they imitate. To this class belong the platitudinarians, the sentimentalists, the pseudo-classicists—all those who take the formulas of any writer or age as a substitute for their own experiences and convictions. They may imitate cleverly, may even give a certain amount of pleasure; but they ring hollow, for they have not even lived themselves into the thoughts and methods of others sufficiently to be good translators.

If imitation be sterile, why not shun it by going to the other extreme? This is just what many superficially clever writers are doing. But in fleeing Scylla they rush

Introduction

into Charybdis, the whirlpool of egotism. These are the post-Whitman declaimers, the bathers in exoticism, the color fiends, the refiners of nuances, the free-verse muck-rakers, the cacophonists of realism, the persons who strain to reveal something startling about their souls, or their bodies, or God. Worst of all are those who, with nothing to say, are most ingenious in finding new ways to say it, *i.e.*, the dozen and one cults of -ists.

Certainly much good paper is being spoiled in the name of poetry. Nevertheless, today as in the past, the essential sanity of the American people is making itself felt, and already the craze of false innovation is on the wane. I believe that now, especially since the war, an increasing majority of poetical aspirants are doing fine and effectual things. The timid stand-patters are being displaced, and the tumult and shouting of the radicals is rapidly dying away, to the great relief of our spiritual ears. People begin to realize that there are many living poets who have essentially something to say. These poets are honestly studying their craft, not as a vehicle of self-exploitation, but as a means of transmitting to their fellow-men the best that life has revealed to them.

The words "freedom" and "originality" are beginning to be less loosely used. When someone on an actual or a metaphorical soap-box begins to rant about freedom, the by-standers begin to ask themselves, "freedom to do what?" We are weary of being disturbed by men who merely wish to call attention to their own imagined superiorities or grievances. It is the same with originality. A little common sense will demonstrate that

Introduction

much "originality" is as valueless for actual life as is a museum freak. Emerson's doctrine of "be yourself," like other mystic generalizations, is capable of abuse. To be oneself is only a poetic merit when that self may be sympathetically interpreted, not to a self-admiring clique, but eventually to a fairly large number of plain human beings. This is of course the doctrine of Tolstoi: namely, that good art is that which increases within us the feeling of our kinship to humanity.

After this attempt to describe the present state of American poetry, I have but to sketch most briefly the history of the magazine, CONTEMPORARY VERSE. CONTEMPORARY VERSE was founded at the beginning of the year 1916 as an all-poetry monthly by Howard S. Graham, Jr., Devereaux C. Josephs, and Samuel McCoy, three young graduates respectively of Pennsylvania, Harvard, and Princeton. Their idea was simply to present some of the vital work being done by the more normal and intelligible of the younger poets. A strong group of writers rallied to the new magazine, and such critics as the late Joyce Kilmer of *The Literary Digest* and William D. Howells in *Harpers* at once proclaimed it the best periodical of its kind.

In January, 1917, Mr. Graham and Mr. Josephs were forced by other duties to retire from the editorial board, their places being filled by James E. Richardson and myself. Our first act was the decision never to print in CONTEMPORARY VERSE any of our own work, confining our editing to brief notes and quotations. CONTEMPORARY VERSE always stood for clean-cut thought and

Introduction

workmanship as opposed to the various eccentricities that were discouraging most lovers of poetry. During the first half of 1917, more in practice than in theory, we fixed our standards definitely for sincerity of feeling and directness of appeal. We wanted not merely to serve a small coterie of aesthetes, we wanted to help interpret America to herself. Most of the other magazines, we thought, were over-stressing the appeal of novelty. We believed that the growing power of American poetry could be shown to express itself in forms that an average person could enjoy. We wanted to progress, but we did not want to lose contact with the great mass of our fellow-countrymen.

At the start, the magazine had depended for material upon a score or so of well-known poets. Soon, however, we began to get many interesting manuscripts by unknown writers. In this situation we naturally decided to print, as Mr. Richardson put it, "not the who's who, but the what's what." Soon we became known as giving unusual consideration to new poets. Mr. John Masefield approved strongly of the closer-to-life type which we began to cultivate, and gave us the privilege of publishing his notable lyric, "The Choice." Most critics were emphatic as to the improvement of the magazine.

Toward the end of 1917 we found it increasingly difficult to arrange editorial conferences, as Mr. McCoy and Mr. Richardson were much tied down with newspaper work. It was therefore arranged that I should take over the entire management of *CONTEMPORARY VERSE*, which I conducted alone until November, 1919,

Introduction

when Louise Townsend Nicholl became Associate Editor. The very marked increase in popularity which the magazine attained in 1918 had, I truly feel, very little to do with the personality or judgment of the editor. CONTEMPORARY VERSE had been established on sound principles and it was only a question of time before the right type of poets and subscribers would make the venture an unqualified success. From his fiscal year of July, 1918, to July, 1919, Mr. Braithwaite selected more poems from CONTEMPORARY VERSE for his Anthology of the best magazine poetry than he took from any other periodical. The *New Republic* proclaimed CONTEMPORARY VERSE as "The most successful of our magazines of verse," adding: "It is as interesting as the May woods." Furthermore, subscriptions doubled and newspaper quotation increased about fourfold.

The present is, therefore, obviously a good time for us to attempt an anthology of the best work published in CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the past four and a half years. Owing to frequent quotation and the many letters which the editor receives from friendly subscribers, it is an unusually easy task to select the best poems of the type which has gained the magazine its wide popularity. In order to prevent the duplication which is so annoying in many anthologies, no poems will be included which have appeared in the *Second Volume of Modern Verse*, edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, or in Mr. Braithwaite's 1916-1918 volumes. Three very characteristic poems, by Leonora Speyer, John French Wilson, and Edwin Ford Piper, are in the Anthology for 1919, having been

Introduction

selected for this volume before Mr. Braithwaite's choice was known. Friends of CONTEMPORARY VERSE will note the omission of some of our most famous contributors, such as Mr. Masfield, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Sassoon, Mr. Edwin A. Robinson, and Mr. Vachel Lindsay. We omit the English poets who have been our honored guests, because we wish to see what the United States can do "on its own"; we forbear adding the glamour of certain American names, because we want to stress the communal appeal rather than the highly individual. We are confident that no other book has ever shown how widespread are true poetic feeling and true poetic expression in this country and generation.

The great universal motives of the race: love of home, delight in outdoor nature, generous human sympathy, kindly humor, and a quiet, first-hand religious sense—all of these will be found in abundance. Recent developments along the old lines appear in the more strenuous urge of modern life, the bold confronting of evil and injustice, and, in connection with the war, the new unromantic type of heroism. In style these poems will, I think, be found more vivid, more compact, and more forceful than the older types. A greater range of form will be evident. A moderate number of free-verse ventures have been included, where genuineness of feeling and beautiful handling of its changing rhythms have seemed to justify the exceptions.

It has been frequently said that no single author can ever succeed in expressing the United States. Perhaps, then, a hundred poets, representing all parts of the coun-

Introduction

try, may come nearer to the mark. Where, one may ask, is one likely to find more American idealism than in a volume such as this? By using only one-seventh of the poems available, it has been possible to unite sincere and wide appeal with comparatively finished expression. Though clear in presentation, some of the pieces are subtle in feeling, and few, I hope, will seem obvious except to the conscious "intellectuals." Whatever the reception of this particular anthology, it is, I profoundly believe, based on a true principle. The American people has a right to ask that poetry should express the thoughts and emotions of this generation in a style which can be widely understood and appreciated.

For help in preparing this anthology I am primarily indebted to the Associate Editor, Miss Nicholl, but also in a hardly less degree to the periodicals and newspapers that have quoted from our pages, and to the numerous friends whose letters have shown us what poems were best fulfilling our special purpose.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

CONTEMPORARY VERSE ANTHOLOGY

AN INVOCATION

BY DU BOSE HEYWARD

AH, Life, press close thy passionate lips to mine
Before we part;
And let thy mad, ecstatic hunger throb
Through all my heart.

Oh haste the flood tide of thy glorious youth
Through my slow veins,
And strike this deadening palsy from my limbs
With quickening pains.

Then send me lilting, vibrant with thy song
Upon the course that thou hast charted out.
And give me all the tasks the weaklings shun;
That triumphing, I prove beyond all doubt

The high invincibility of Thee.
And when my work is done, in Heaven's name
Oh leave me not to flicker back to Thee
A feeble, ever-dying little flame.

But take me with a challenge in my throat,
Clear-eyed and lusty, eager for the strife—
Bursting all bonds for sheer excess of Thee;
Then hurl me thrilling into keener Life.

TO-DAY

BY AMORY HARE

WHAT though I die to-morrow? Now I live!
To-day, close-packed with opportunity,
Is mine; within whose span I may possess
Laughter and tears, mayhap, and in one hour
Run the whole scale 'twixt joy and deep despair.
Warm sentient life, I know and love thee well!
No dread of parting shall bedim that hour
When all my Self shall pass and be dispersed
To join the spacious breathing of the sky.
For, to one Being—kindred to my own—
To-day I have been all things beautiful.
To one I am the stars, the light, the breath
The music of the world set forth for him!
And I am witchery and even woe—
Woe of a quality akin to joy.
The thought of me is subtly intertwined
With twilight, and the wheeling swallow's cry;
With doorways dimly lit, and dark'ning fields;
The long road's ending and the lantern's gleam;
With little roofs adream beneath the moon.
For I am that by which he is reborn;
The dearness of the hearth by candlelight;
The mystery wherein two spirits blend.
I have the strange remoteness of the heavens

To-Day

And yet the patient nearness of the grass.
I will not waste one hour to question why
This old enchantment should have come to me;
Love's shining eyes looked bravely into mine
A moment since, and all my being sang
"To-day is mine. is mine. and it is joy!"

THREE POEMS

BY KARLE WILSON BAKER

I LOVE THE FRIENDLY FACES OF OLD SORROWS

I LOVE the friendly faces of old Sorrows;
I have no secrets that they do not know.
They are so old, I think they have forgotten
What bitter words were spoken, long ago.

I hate the cold, stern faces of new Sorrows
Who stand and watch, and catch me all alone.
I should be braver if I could remember
How different the older ones have grown.

DEATH THE HIGHWAYMAN

HE nurses there among his crags
His naughty schemes—
And he may snatch my elfin purse
That's stuffed with dreams;

But I have wealth he cannot touch,
 Spoiler of kings!
For I have tasted agony
 And worn joys wings.

MORNING SONG

THERE'S a mellow light just over the hill,
And somewhere a yellower daffodil,
And honey, somewhere, that's sweeter still.

And some were meant to stay like a stone,
Knowing the things they have always known,
Sinking down deeper into their own.

But some must follow the wind and me,
Who like to be starting and like to be free,
Never so glad as we're going to be!

THE AMERICAN

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

SUDDENLY

The silence, stretched to a great tensi-ty,
Snapped—and the dark house rumbled and crashed.
It shook that pit of blackness, slashed
With a long, flickering sword of light
That beat in vain against a white
Cloth wall hard in its brilliancy.
The thunder grew; it roared approvingly:
A lustiness, gargantuan and clean,
As he,
Doug Fairbanks,
Prodigal and playboy,
Leaped on and almost out beyond the screen.
The ribbon flickered faster, drew
Its hero through a maze of tangled scenes and flew
Out of the heavy, humdrum world.
He took the people with him; caught and hurled
Them back to boyishness and bravery again.
Then—
Madness; gay violence ruled the scene . . .
There was a race, a chase, a storm of soundless blows.
Laughing he bowled a dozen gun-men over . . .
Stopped for a flash to be a high-speed lover . . .

The American

Baffled the plugs and thugs . . . Hurdled a
fence . . .
Ruined his dress-suit . . . Thought it im-
mense . . .
Leaped three landings . . . Squirmed through a
crack . . .
Jumped from a window to his pony's back.
Beat out the Limited
Soared like a bird.
Jumped into a Packard.
Shot her into third.
Reached the ruined building.
Scaled up a wall.
Burst into the meeting.
Cornered them all.
Trapped the whole camorra.
Made their short hairs curl.
Freed the lovely lady.
(*"Close up" with the girl.*)

* * * * *

The last kiss faded out; the brightness thinned.
Hands clattered in a tempest of applause;
(A thousand white leaves pattering in the wind)
Glory turned garish in the following pause.
The audience shrank with it, looked and grinned
Sheepishly at itself, then turned to see
What the next number on the bill might be.
A fat man sang *"I hear you calling me."*

The American

But something still persisted, something crude;
Childishly boisterous, palpably absurd.
And yet it spelled America in rude
Large letters; told without a word
The essence of our boyhood, the young spirit
Surer of naught than what we may inherit;
Intrepid faith that does not stop to pray
And strength that springs from a child's love of play;
Reckless, spontaneous, prodigal, immense,
Taking no thought of cost or consequence.

Again life flickered from the shining reels:—
A lady vampire posed with a pet snake.
Six odd-sized clowns, late of the burlesque "wheels,"
Dressed as policemen, fell into a lake.
A lisping tenor, painted to the eyes
Came out and squeaked "*We're going to smash the
Hun*" . . .

And still the spell remained. Out of the lies
And cheap hypocrisies it rose and spun
Its kindred strands of fantasy and fun,
Of gaiety unconquerable and wise,
Of the brash boy in us that never dies
But keeps us better than a text or truth,
Bound to the bright democracy of youth.

WHAT IF THE LAPSE OF AGES WERE A DREAM?

BY STEPHEN MOYLAN BIRD

WHAT if the lapse of ages were a dream,
From which we waked, clutching the primal
bough,
Seeing familiar thunder-piercing crags,
Vast dripping woods, and saurian-bellowed swamps,
That wearied the new heavens with their noise,
Wild seas, that maddened, foaming, ever gnawed
At fog-wrapped cliffs, and roaring in defeat,
Ran to eye-wearying distance, without shore—
All things familiar; but our dull ape minds
Troubled with visions vague; the hungry roar
Of the great sabred tiger far below
Seeming in our wild dream the thund'rous sound
Of hurtling heated monsters, made of steel;
And the God-scattered worlds that gem the sky
Seeming in vision dread the blinding glare
Of myriad windows in huge range on range
Of mountain buildings, teeming o'er with life.
The wallowing pleiosaurus' gurgling snort
Changed in our dream to rhythmic, panting roar
Of black insensate steel amphibians,
Daring the oceans dread horizon line;

What If the Lapse of Ages Were a Dream?

And the high flap of pterodactyl wings
Making us whine with fear, for, in our dream,
We saw vast lifeless birds, that roaring flew,
Commanded by weak puny likenesses
Of our ape-selves; we cringed with terrors vague
Of ungrasped thoughts we could not understand—
What if the lapse of ages were a dream?

THE ANCHOR

BY WILLIAM LAIRD

BY furious fire begotten,
From patient iron I rose;
Stern hammers were the midwives;
My birth-caresses, blows.

*Of fire that dares and iron that bides,
Thy fierce, grim soul had stuff and form,
That flouts the touch and kiss of tides,
And sets its strength against the storm.*

The work to me appointed:
In coral, mud, or sand,
To strike, and grip my hardest;
And, having gripped, to stand.

*Unseen thou striv'st, save by dark bulks
That watch thee struggling in the ooze,
Or staring ports of crusted hulks,
Or orbless eye-pits of their crews.*

The beds of many waters
Have felt my earnest grip,
That saves from death or straying
My pretty, foolish ship.

The Anchor

*The desperate bark, with strife fordone,
Sea, earth, and air her foemen, trusts
Thy grasp, fell set where many a one
Of thy abandoned brethren rusts.*

Tho last they slip my cable
To save my ship—forlorn,
Forgot, to rust—what matter?
I shall have striven and borne.

*Lord God of Effort, grant me such
A grave as this. Be it my lot
Having done and borne, to sleep, nor much
To care how much men say, or what.*

DEFEAT

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THERE is defeat where death gives anodyne
And all desires of the battle wane
In deep forgetfulness, and the one slain
Lies with his face turned toward the firing-line.
There is defeat where flesh fails the design
Of Spirit, and the groping, tortured brain
Sees glories lost it cannot win again.
And wears itself out like effect of wine.

But no defeat is quite so imminent
To common ways as the defeat Success
Turns into when it puts aside the dreams
That made it be, and, somehow, grows content
With what it is, forever giving less
Until it is not, and no longer seems.

THE TWO DRINKERS

(Translated from the French of Charles Vildrac.)

BY WITTER BYNNER

THEY have sat down together for a little drink;
They are leaning with all their weight on their
elbows;

Their words are meeting and their eyes
And their cheeks and voices and eyes are laughing
across the table,

And O what good ones they're telling!
They are really happy, for the moment;
They are really happy to be together;
And yet! . . .

And yet,
If tomorrow they have to hurry through a door
Not wide enough for two
Where one must pass after the other
They will pause before it
With an ugly change in their faces,
With an ugly look at each other,
And a slanting look toward the door.

As dogs, with a bone between them,
Growl, warning each other off,
So may these two become tomorrow, or tonight,
These two who now are friends because of little
drink . . .

The Two Drinkers

—That is true enough and it's sad too
But that's not the way to say it!
This is the way to say it:

These two men who are laughing
Might be fighting for no reason:
They might find a thousand reasons
To be fighting;
There are reasons a-plenty!
They need only pick, they need only choose!

But no:

Deep in that old heart of theirs,
In the secret need of union and of mirth,
And in a moment of unbending,
While the spite of life has left that poor old heart to
itself,
See how their eyes are laughing,
See how they slap each other's shoulders,
See how they have no doubt of each other,
See how they like to offer each other drinks,
And O what good ones they're telling!

GOLD-IN-GRAY

BY ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

WHEN he tumbles out of bed at daybreak,
The old care-taker curses and swears,
And when he tumbles in again at night
He swears and curses.

If the morning coffee is poor
Or the evening meal is tardy,—
He calls on the Almighty to blast them,
And assigns his wife who made them
To an unrighteous and ignominious end.
What he says about physical parts and processes
Brings a blush to the cheeks of the sedate and decorous
Who pretend that they do not hear him,
Yet remain within earshot
And thrill inwardly
At the rank perfume of the speech.

He looks at the errand boy
As his muddy feet
Leave tracks on the clean tiles,
And with slow deliberate sentences
He makes clear the immoral relations
Of the errand boy's immediate family
And every one of his ancestors
All the way back to Judas Iscariot and Cain.

Gold-In-Gray

"Profanity do you call it?"
Mutters the old grouch
On the top floor,
"Fiddlesticks!
I call it Romance
Gasping for breath
In gray reality!"

ECHOES

RY RUTH LAMBERT JONES

TRAVELING at dusk the noisy city street,
I listened to the newsboys' strident cries
Of "Extra," as with flying feet,

They strove to gain this man or that—their prize.
But one there was with neither shout nor stride,

And, having bought from him, I stood near-by,
Pondering the cruel crutches at his side,

Blaming the crowd's neglect, and wondering why—
When suddenly I heard a gruff voice greet

The cripple with, "On time to-night?"

Then, as he handed out the sheet,

The Youngster's answer—"You're all right.
My other reg'lars are a little late.

They'll find I'm short one paper when they come;
You see, a strange guy bought one in the wait,

I thot 'twould cheer him up—he looked so glum!"

So, sheepishly I laughed, and went my way,
For I had found a city's heart that day.

WON BY EAR

BY DANIEL W. TROY

THEAH'S a man up the street
Ah'm jus' itchin' tuh meet—
He's the man with the slidin' trombone,
Ah don't understan'
How he does it so gran'
But he sho' gits uh wonderful tone.
That Mendels'n Song—
He jus' rags it uh-long
An' zoons it right intuh mah soul.
When he plays "Ovuh Theah"
Ev'ry kink in my haih
Jus' natchully stahts tuh unroll.
Mistah Man, Mistah Honey,
Take me an' mah money,
Whenevuh yo' want me Ah'm yo'n.
Ah'll cook while yo' eat—
Shine the shoes on yo' feet—
If yo'll play on that slidin' trombone.

"SHINE!"

BY AMORY HARE

WAN of de boot-black on de ferra-boat,
I watcha de beeg crowd' goin' back an' fort',
And a queekly count de feet dat might be wort'
A leetla dime for mek dem shiny coat.

Great many feet I watcha een a day!
Wan vera leetla shoes I have-a shine'
Wit' holes een toes dat should have been een fine
Warm boots, de owner was so vera gay

So vera sweet to look at een de eyes!
I lak to shine dos leetla toes for her.
Wan day I see a man, dressed lak chauffeur,
And leetla lady looka at de skies

And tek de han's; I look de odder way,
And all de night I teenk of leetla wan,
She have look up so loveeng een de sun,
And not care what de beega crowd might say.

And een de morn' when ferra-boat eet start
I shine for her de leetla shabby toes,
And she say "Tony" (red-a lak a rose)
"Shine beeg today, for I have geev' my heart,

“Shine!”

And when I come tonight, my leetla frien',
I show you someteeng on dees lefta han'.
He ees so fine a man, so vera gran'!
I shan' be on dees ferra-boat again!”

But when de night eet come, she come alone
An' creep into de dark behin' de stair,
An' when I pass I see her crying dere,
And when I spik she give me leetla moan.

Poor leetla wan! Poor laugheeng leetla rose!
I watch de many feet dat pattera past,
And count de faces hurryeeng so fast—
But never see dos shabby leetla toes!

PIER 6

BY FRANCIS T. KIMBALL

THE street was dark enough, but on the wharves
The piles and stacks and careless heaps of goods
Mottled the darkness with a deeper hue,
Like gobs of ink spilled on a piece of slate.
The moon that should have been was smothered out,
And not a star point pierced the folds of cloud.
Came but the lap of waters on the piles,
And farther, out of nothingness, the bleat
Of some belated prowler of the deep.
I stood with hands in pockets, listlessly,
Watching the silent shapes that filled the pier,
And thinking of my unrequited thoughts,
When suddenly a shadow seemed to move
Out of the darkness into blacker dark
Ahead of me. I started, and felt my lids
Lifting until the sea breeze stung my eyes,
And I must blink, and then the moon was out,
And facing it a woman, motionless.
I started forward, and as quickly back,
Shrinking against a packing case to wait.
Full in the moon she stood, a marble form,
Mellow and round before the moon's regard,
Yet gaunt and palpable as any cur,
Advertisement of mange and much abuse,

Pier 6

Ragged in outline and a thing of rags.
Slowly she moved, and casting off the shawl
That hid her last injustice for a while,
She raised a ragged bundle in her arms,
And tottered to the splintered edge, and crouched.
But as she paused, before I caught my breath,
The baby in the bundle wailed aloud,
And fell to whimpering incessantly.
The woman shivered, and then stepping back,
Held with one hand the bundle on her thigh,
And with the other fumbled at her waist,
And bared her breast, and bent above the child.

THE WATCHMAN

BY MIRIAM VEDDER

THE watchman walked the little streets
With slow and steady tread;
He swung his lantern as he went,—
“All’s well!” the watchman said.

Behind close blinds a woman sat
Who had no more to sell;
The watchman paused before her door,—
“All’s well!” he cried, “All’s well!”

An old man shivered in the dark
Who had no bread to eat;
Echoed the watchman’s cry, “All’s well!”
Along the empty street.

The watchman passed a silent house
Wherein a child had died;
A candle burned against the pane,—
“All’s well!” the watchman cried.

All through the night the watchman passed
With slow and steady tread;
And ever to the little streets
“All’s well!” the watchman said.

GOD'S PITY

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

GOD pity all the brave who go
The common way, and wear
No ribboned medals on their breasts,
No laurels on their hair.

God pity all the lonely folk
With griefs they do not tell,
Women waking in the night,
And men dissembling well.

In common courage of the street
The crushed grape is the wine,
Wheat in the mill is daily bread
And given for a sign.

And who but God shall pity them
Who go so quietly?
And smile upon us when we meet,
And greet us pleasantly.

MAKE BELIEVE

HELEN HOYT

I CAN feel at my breast
 Your tiny hand a-stray,
And your lips clinging pressed,
And the weight of you at rest,
 As if you truly lay
Where my curved arm dreams to hold you. . .
 You so little, you so dear!
Soft I let my love enfold you;
In the dark, with none to see,
 I bend to bring my breast more near;
Feel you drinking, drinking me.

PATCHWORK

BY MARY WILLIS SHUEY

SHE never had a pattern all her own,
But from the scattered scraps of other lives,
The remnants that the others did not want,
She pieced a patch-work that she called her soul.

Broken, irregular,
Small bits of color,
Pieced on a background of dull brown and gray.
Faded, discarded,
Carefully fitted,
She pieced her a life from what they threw away.

Their lives were made in regular designs,
Their years were blocks of color and of beauty.
Lucy pieced love, John squares of engineering,
But all they left for her was service, duty

Sometimes a square,
Once a pink rose,
Haphazard blocks made of small tasks they shirked,
Sewing, nursing,
Keeping the home,
The others had pleasure; she merely worked.

Patchwork

She never had a pattern all her own,
And yet from what she had she pieced a soul;
A crazy-quilt, perhaps, that no one wants,
A life that never even knew a goal.

A SONG OF BUTTE

BY HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

I AM the city demoniac! Desolate, mournful, infernal

Dweller apart among and upon the amazing hills,
Seen of the poet of hell, I am she, the dark, the un-
vernal

Cybele, wearing my crown of fantastic mines and
mills!

My breasts are girdled with iron; and under the place
of my feet

Is copper, and over my head in a green and copper
sky

A sulphurous sun goes by and I find his going sweet.

My sisters have many jewels—is any so strange
as I?

I am the secret of night, transformed from an evil
thing

To a dream of passionate hope! A blur and cluster
of stars,

A galley of tremulous light, I lift from my anchor and
swing

Outbound for the farthest ports that lie past the
lighthouse Mars!

A Song of Butte

I splinter the darkness with glory, I burn like fire on
the hills,

I am Caerleon and Usk! I am the hurt of the
moon!

Because of my lonely beauty the soul takes thought
and fills

Till I cause the pulse to leap that I stayed with
horror at noon.

I am the city cast out, harlot and common scold

Shrilling loud in the street, the taunter of all ye love,
Holding what others scorn, scorning what others hold,
Flaunting the vulgar shame my sisters are reticent
of.

I am the mistress of many, untrue and adulterous
queen,

Naked, tawdry, Priapian; Lo, and what sin is mine?
They who have kissed farewell on my painted lips,
have seen

My sisters are hypocrite souls that blush for their
lust and wine.

I am also the scoffer, the tester, the prover of life!

This one comes to me pure and I make him dirty and
mean,

This one comes to me lewd, and forth from my iron
strife

Joyous he goes and proud, and clean as a bride is
clean!

A Song of Butte

O sisters, look to your courts! Can ye look and say
as much?

How doth it stand with you? Have ye builded over
a fen,
That your white-faced, pasty brood shrinks back from
my hurt and smutch?

They that go down in my bowels and grip me are
not as your men!

I am likewise the challenge, the mixing of many in
one;

Lustful, reckless, I yield to the urge of life and the
slack,

A myriad races come and beneath my dispassionate
sun

I mix and change and remold and send them, a
nation, back;

Indifferent seeker and spurner, I lure from city and
shore

Italian, negro and Slav. Their foster-mother am I!
And the man-child tugs at my breast and is nourished
and knows no more

The sound of an alien tongue or the heat of a foreign
sky!

I am also the spirit, the city chosen of God,

Vast and pregnant seeker, aspirer and knower of
dreams:

I that search in the earth for dross go also abroad

Rousing my sisters that sleep, contented, beside their
streams.

A Song of Butte

On a riddling quest I go as the ancient mother went—

My sisters, ye look ashamed when my asking foot-
steps come,

But under my breast I bear the answer the Riddler
meant:

I am Democracy's mother! O sisters, why are ye
dumb?

LAND OF THE FREE

BY GERTRUDE CORNWELL HOPKINS

THERE is a man within a grimy window-square;
I do not know how long it is he has been there—
Three years of working-days I've passed on trains
high in the air,
And always he was there.
He makes three motions: two are forward and one
back,
Two thrusts and then a draw. There is no pause
(the knack
Is perfect) while his left hand pulls from out a stack
Leather—I think—the track
Curves sharp, and will not let me see
Just what the task . . . But O, I know the moves
he makes are three:
I see him when I pass to days that are full long to me,
Again at night, when I am free.

No clod—

The face is keen, the hands and arms are lean and
tense, like wire.

From some far land he came to us: was his desire
To bind his young and vivid life to *this*, for meagre
hire?

He burns, I think . . . dull fire.

THE POEM

BY CLEMENT WOOD

I.

I LIFT my gaze from one poet's book,
Archaic, pallid, underwise,
Then stop my strained and fretful look—
Why, here's a poem before my eyes!

Not in the books, whose marshalled rows
Wait for my seeking to disclose
Their thin and varied thus-and-soes;

Not in the iris flower of June,
That proudly spills its purple boon,
A wordless, soundless, fragrant tune;

Not in the waiting ivory keys,
Nor the room's pleasant harmonies,
Sweet with disheveled memories;

My restless eyes achieve their rest,
Break to a smile, and ponder where,
With face at peace and moveless breast,
My tired young wife lies sleeping there.

The Poem

II.

Peace on her face, peace in this room—
Oh, it is far to the flaring gloom
Where war's strange, fiery flowers bloom.

Immobile breast and moveless air—
Oh, it is far to red roads where
Torn bodies twitch, and still eyes stare.

O, can there be so sad a place,
Where writhes a self-destructive race? . . .
Immobile breast, peace in her face.

III.

Her gentle breathing scarce unfurls
The tiniest of her sleeping curls.
The eyes are closed, the soul withdrawn;
The wax cheeks show a gentle flush
As when the East begins to dawn;
As quiet is her couch's hush.
One hand is cupped beneath her brow;
The other lies with fingers still
Upon the coverlet; and now
She almost smiles, as some deep thrill,
Dream-woven, has its vagrant will.

IV.

Where do you wander,
Out in your dreams?
What gay adventures,

The Poem

What sombre journeys,
What wings upbear you
As you accomplish
All your hid longings?

Do you climb lonely,
Sky-secret mountains?
Do you grope blindly,
Leaden, foot-hindered,
Thru threatening caverns?
Do you face dangers,
Stormy gray sea-ways,
Night-haunted sorrows?
And am I with you,
I, the beloved . . .
Or do you fly me,
Me, a dream-enemy?

May you tread safely
In your far dreaming,
Gaining the goals!

V.

Ah, you seem so sound asleep!
Body laved in stillness deep,
Soul, whose silent slumbers **keep**

Far away the restlessness
Of the stupid world's distress,
Plastic to the dream's caress.

The Poem

And I am so far away,
Here, where my quick fancies play
With your quiet self today!

Why seek in a printed place,
When in her sleeping beauty lies,
With moveless breast and peaceful face,
A very poem before my eyes?

THE BIRD

BY CAROLINE STERN

SIR, he is not for sale;
Only a snow-white dove
Found in the wilderness
Singing of love;
In a dead wilderness,
Singing of love.

Sir, I but seek to find
Who might his master be;
Then I will yield my bird
Freely and cheerily.
Asking no fee in turn,
Giving him blithely.

Ah, he has flown from me!
Gone with a whirring wing.
Sir, in your bosom, see,
My bird is fluttering;
Nestling against your breast,
Singing and fluttering.

CHAINS

BY GLENN WARD DREBACH

WHY did you not hold me with chains
Of steel all dull and cold
That I might strain against their strength
As long as they could hold?

That I might see the links sink in
My flesh and make blood flow,
While I could hope to break my chains
And hurl them down and go!

But in these chains you hold me with,
Only my Spirit frets—
For who could use brute force to break
A chain of violets!

DISTANCE

BY MARGARET E. MCCALLIE

THE lake was not more calm or clear
Than was your voice. Your words alone
Were plain enough, "God drew us near,"
Yet there was logic in your tone.
Since doubting you had cost me pain,
I clutched at timid hope again,
When up from the reeds with sudden whirr
Of heavy wings, a coot swung high
His somber body stretched to blurr
The paling sun against the sky.
I turned to seek my swift surprise
Repeated in your radiant eyes,
And met your steady earnest gaze
No spread of wings could set ablaze,
And then I knew how far apart
We really were from heart to heart.

THE DAY THAT LOVE CAME DOWN TO ME

HANIEL LONG

THE day that love came down to me,
Now must I dress me well, said she.

Since he has only mortal ears
And only mortal language hears,
I must give up my native tongue
And many a native song I've sung.

I must put on a mortal veil,
And all for him my wonders pale;
Leaving my boundless home above me,
I'll be a girl, that he may love me.

And yet my love could not disguise,
When she came down, her deathless eyes.

A SONG OF PIERROT

BY MAURICE A. HANLINE

THE cloak of laughter I have worn
Has only served to hide the smart.
The bells and bladder I have born
Could wake no echo in my heart.
And all the places where I go
Are sweet with memories of you yet.
The laughing footsteps of Pierrot
Are always searching for Pierrette.

Upon my face a painted smile,
Upon my lips a scarlet stain,
Before my feet an endless mile,
That I must dance, despite the pain.
Along the road red poppies grow,
Perhaps your scarlet lips have set
Upon their petals, for Pierrot,
A tithe of kisses, dear Pierrette.

The lips I knew have left their scars,
Each rose beneath had hid a thorn,
Your love was lost among the stars,
I could not wait until the morn.

A Song of Pierrot

The night was lonesome, love, and so
I sought the roses to forget.
But they have withered and Pierrot
Longs for the kisses of Pierrette.

If in your place, you hear my song,
Hear, too, beneath, the strain of tears,
I dance before the grinning throng.
Their mocking laughter fills my ears,
My giddy steps are all they know.
They do not see my eyes are wet.
I am a tired, lost Pierrot,
Where are you hiding, my Pierrette?

L'Envoi

Ah princess, I shall never know!
You smile and smile and say, "Forget"
The tears and laughter of Pierrot
Are but the playthings of Pierrette.

THE UNFORGIVEN

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY

YOU blew my future away with a breath,
As the little white feathers are blown from the
dandelion,
Leaving only a knob and a stalk
Where once in the long grass shone a golden blossom.

But for this may I not forgive you?
The future is lost only to be made again—
From the blown seed-pods again sunny blossoms
awaken.

But O, once dear, you have taken the past,
And trodden it under your feet like a spent rose leaf.
You have left no beauty uncrushed within it.
No sorrow made fragrant by memories can be mine,
For you have taken my memories one by one;
You have stripped them and torn them until I dare
not look.
And for that you would not leave my past unhurt
In its sheltered garden of old beauty,
I cannot forgive you.

THE DOOR

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THE littlest door, the inner door,
I swing it wide.
Now in my heart there is no more
To hide.

The farthest door—the latch at last
Is lifted; see.
I kept the little fortress fast.
—Be good to me.

INVIOULATE

BY MARX G. SABEL

I SHALL remember you as wistfulness,
As petulance, and shadowy romance.
Growing more vivid as the years advance
You shall remain my memory. The dress
You wore on one impassible, proud day,
The way your hair meandered, tricks of speech,
All these, my riches, shall far overreach
Youth's gradual withdrawal, and decay.

There was no giving, no, and naught of asking,—
We were too filled with wonderment and awe.
There was no sudden, sensual unmasking
To dissipate the beauty that we saw.
You shall remain intact, and always new
For dreams were all I ever had of you!

"LES LAURIERS SONT COUPES"

BY ELINOR WYLIE

AH, love, within the shadow of the wood
The laurels are cut down; some other brows
May bear the classic wreath which Fame allows
And find the burden honorable and good.
Have we not passed the laurels as they stood—
Soft in the veil with which the Spring endows
The wintry glitter of their woven boughs—
Nor stopped to break the branches while we could?

Ah, love, for other brows they are cut down.
Thornless and scentless are their stems and flowers,
And cold as Death their twisted coronal.
Sweeter to us the sharpness of this crown;
Sweeter the wildest roses which are ours;
Sweeter the petals, even when they fall.

CERTITUDE

HELEN HOYT

I HAVE heard him speak my name
Passionately, like a word of flame,
And a young girl might say
This was love's only, truest, way.

She would not understand
How the brief, half gruff command
Of his voice, weary or sick,
Touches so deeply the heart's quick.

How, when he says "dear," or, "dearest," absently,
The words are precious and their tone to me;
Though it should happen he turned not his head;—
Unconscious, almost, that the words are said.

They are a use and custom of his tongue.
Words are more fierce when they are new and young,
But have they not a dearer hold,
When use and happy frequency turn them old?

Love, broadening, forgets the early need
To say itself in words; to charm and plead:
Love, broadening, diffuses its wild might;
Habitual grows, like breath and sight.

Certitude

Like sight, or breath, a certitude,
A priceless good; but unthanked good:
Too sure, too long, long known for speech;
Too wide for proof of words to reach.

BY THE HEARTH

BY AMORY HARE

IT may have been a light elusive thing,
Yet at the time the joy of it possessed me.
And afterwards a furtive wish obsessed me
To make it his: to seize his thoughts, and bring
Such cunning to my words that he should guess,
The living magic of its loveliness.

So, after penance of long waiting, I
Told swiftly all,
Not watching him, but gazing at the wall,
My thoughts caught back, yet poised as if to fly,
I watched for some small gesture, or a word
To show he understood what he had heard.

Silent and still he was; and suddenly
My heart dived down, then rallied, beating quickly,
Swerving from doubt to faith; and then a sickly
Feeling of impotence swept over me.
Daring at last I took a furtive peep,
And watched him sleep!

Then came distaste: and afterwards bruised blankness,
The blankness of a mind without a mood;

By the Hearth

My thoughts, wrung dry, went wandering till they
stood

Angry and hard at friendship going thankless;
Then as his breathing turned to rhythmic sighing,
I found that I was crying.

If he had wakened I had never known
A gentle thing that I have come to know.
But long he slept. The shadows deepened so
I almost would have thought myself alone
Save that his courtly deference to convention
Kept for his form a posture of attention.

At sight of which I wept more bitterly,
Not for my pleasure, ruthlessly desired;
For knowledge that he labored and grew tired
To light this hearth and keep it safe, for me.

* * * * *

"I dreamed of you," he said "I must have slept.
"I dreamed you wept."

SILENCED

BY WILLARD WATTLES

I SOMETIMES wonder why men say
So very much of love;
I sometimes think they little know
What they are talking of,

For when I felt your closing arms
My heart sang like a bird;
I lay all night upon your breast
And never spoke a word.

TO YOU

BY BEATRICE W. RAVENEL

BECAUSE I loved you not nor let you speak,
Your silence in my memory sings.
Like God, your patience obstinate and meek,
Waits at the heart of things.

A still, strong purpose you, a hoarded light,
(Against your day your watch you keep),
Shadow and silence, things most exquisite,
The condolence of sleep.

And when life falls from round me, leaves me stark,
Only a blind need through and through,
As wounded beasts crawl off to find the dark,
I know my way to you.

CONTRASTS

BY MARIE LOUISE HERSEY

MY studio windows overhead are black
Save for the shimmer of wet lights from the
street

And in my woman's heart a sudden lack,
An undertone of something incomplete!

O little human child here in the rain
Unlike my painted miniatures up there—
The careful workmanship of hand and brain,
Cherubs with violet eyes and gold-spun hair—

O changing, wistful face so eager-bright
And restless mouth so quick to smile or pout,
I wish my arms could gather you to-night
And hear you breathing when the light is out!

MY MOTHER

BY E. MERRILL ROOT

MY father gently took my hand;
I left the nursery willingly:
Perhaps I soon should understand
Those tip-toe people, and why he
Cried so, and where mamma could be.
In mother's room he dropped my hand.

I moved to where my mother lay;
Outside, a running wind went by—
It had been shouting all the day—
Grey clouds had dirtied all the sky,
And all day I had longed to cry;
Somehow I could not laugh or play.

Her coverlet was cold and white,
Her face was whiter; still and pale
(Like the new snow of yesternight)
She lay; her dear hand—Oh so frail!
Faltered toward mine: I saw it fail—
I caught a snow-flake, cold and light.

Her eyes were framed in shadows; they
Were dark, like purple pansies' eyes;

My Mother

"Come close to me!" they seemed to pray.
Mine stared back, moist with vague surprise;
Frightened, I said (big tears would rise):
"Why won't you talk to me to-day?"

My mother did not stir or speak
Save from deep eyes. I knelt; and she
With straining fingers touched my cheek.
Outside, I heard a wrestling tree
Tap at the window fitfully;
Behind me I heard floor-boards creak.

My father led me to the door,
I glanced back, very wistfully:
Her eyes, still on me as before,
Were like two arms stretched out toward me.
And then we went out, I and he,
I never saw her any more.

RETURN AFTER DEATH

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

TO the old home,
Through the wild country-ways and meadows
damp,

Lo—I am come:

Drawn are the blinds, quenched is the lonely lamp

And dark the door.

The crickets chirp and the cicadas sing,

But nevermore

Comes the quick step, the dear voice answering.

Long though I knock,

Never the eager answer comes, they will

Never unlock—

So hushed the night, so deep and starry-still.

Ah fain, how fain—

From the fierce terror and the loneliness,

Anguish insane

And dreadful secret that you may not guess—

The starry Vast

Inexorable of everlasting law,

Tomb of the Past,

And endless reaches of the ancient Awe,

Return After Death

With horrors rife—
Star upon star forever strewn abroad,
The thrones of life
In the dark universe dethroned of God—

With what desire,
Ah, with what longing that you cannot know!
To the warm fire,
The cosy hearth and faces all-aglow,

Dear eyes that burn,
The old, familiar jokes and questions dear,
We, lost, return,
Calling with voices that you cannot hear!

Night, deep and still:
Empty, into the dark, the windows stare.
A whip-poor-will
Cries like the Past upon the patient air.

But where it lies,
The thing I was, the shell of me, *they* kneel
With burning eyes,
And in mute prayer to the Unknown appeal.

Here on the shore
And coast of the illimitable night
Forevermore
Lies the lost shell and home of my delight,

Return After Death

Where passion reigned,
Where ecstasy drew hushed and hurried breath,
Where love disdained
To stain her triumph with the thought of death.

O pang too sheer
Of all that has been and may never be!
Anguish austere,
And wild regret of all eternity!

IN AN OLD HOUSE

BY WINIFRED WELLES

I'VE lived so long companionless
In this old house bowed down with years,
I've come to welcome loneliness,
Converse with dreams and sit with fears.

Often and often in the night,
When I have laid some dull book down,
One comes between me and the light
With terrible, unrustling gown.

Wistful as moonlight in the room,
Her face sways, luminous with fire
Of eyes unsmothered by the tomb,
Of lips remembering still desire.

And there beside the lute she stands—
With little eager flutterings
She stretches out her pulseless hands,
And only thrusts them through the strings!

No way to bring her longing near
Who has no heart to beat and break,
Nor any way that she can hear
The sounds her lost touch can not make.

In An Old House

Oh who will sit here wondering
Some other night and watch me steal
Close to a loved, familiar thing
With hands that reach but do not feel?

THE RUINED 'DOBE

BY JENNIE HARRIS OLIVER

IN the sunlight and the moonlight,
In the low-hung desert starlight,
Stands an old forsaken 'dobe,
Like a grim, distorted dream;
And its lidless eyes look westward,
Its low ceiling seeps, and crumbles,
While the bats hang down like dusky rags
From one long rafter-beam.

In the old, forsaken 'dobe,
Lizards dart, all green and golden,
And the rattler trails its diamond length
Along the earthen floor.
And an old, blind, limping pinto,
Fumbling, 'mong the rocks and rubble,
In the fury of the sand-storm
Stumbles through the gaping door.

In the old forsaken 'dobe
Coyotes slink and barn-owls slither,
And the swoop of seeking buzzard
Haunts the pinon-scented air;
On the hearth a ruby cactus

The Ruined 'Dobe

Bloom—a strangely-twisted candle,
When the wind from off the mesa
Makes its petals flame and flare.

On a shelf within the 'dobe,
There are cups of clay, soft-colored.
In a nook, a cedar cradle,
And a thimble, and a glove.
While around the ruins, mountains,—
Purpled with the wine of shadow,—
Cast a wistful benediction
On the broken dream of love.

THE RETURN

BY SCUDDER MIDDLETON

HOLD me, O hold me, love—your lips are life!
Here on your heart my heart now understands;
Home have I come at last from alien lands—
A pilgrim through the darkness to your eyes!

Hold me, my love—I know the answer now,
O wayward, ever wandering feet of man—
Always the journey ends where it began! . . .
Out of my mother's arms into your own!

Hold me, my love, serene against your breast,
The sun takes up the wave and gives the rain.
Over the dead the grass is green again.
The lark is singing on the ruined wall.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

BY RAYMOND PECKHAM HOLDEN

SUPPOSE one never heard of Valley Forge,
And Washington were nothing but a name
Cut in the rock of some Virginian gorge
Where never anything but swallows came.

Suppose December on the Delaware
Had never known that bleeding, swift retreat.
To-day would be a day as others are
With less of colored bunting in the street.

And nothing would be absent from these trees
Which wait for April, and the starling's song
Would be as happy and as harsh as these
Shrill notes the gray wind blows along.

And the careless music of fast-melting snows
Would ripple in the gutters and be gone,
And crocuses would follow, and the rose
Return, and the bright world go on.

THE MAN AT THE PLOW

BY RUTHELE NOVAK

YE ho, for the song of the lark;
For the spiralling lark with his song;
With his full-throated praise so strong!
Like joy beams from the sun
His happy trillings run!
Ye ho, for the song of the lark!

Ye ho, for the smell of the loam;
For the smile of the new-born day;
For the little house over the way;
For the strength to plow
And the knowledge how!
Ye ho, for the smell of the loam!

I STOOD AT TWILIGHT

BY BERENICE K. VAN SLYKE

I STOOD at twilight making bread,
Sifting salt and soft white flour;
I thought of children gone to bed
At this hour;

Gone to bed with flowers and bees,
Fists and blossoms curled up tight
Till candles fail, and dawn breeze
Scatters night.

Through the windows I could see
Stars, and branches, fading day.
To some one passing what would be
The thought to stay?

Windy branches, starry stair?
Children tumbling into bed?
Or would it be my shadow there,
Making bread?

THE PUSH-CART

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENET

COLORS like cries of delight from the lips of a
child

Leapt from a cart by the curb of a corner I passed.
The oars of a golden galley dipped swirling through
seas

Of azure and opal. The ancient Hesperides
Lifted for landfall, and loud with the heroes I laughed!

Blinded by blue we staggered ashore on a strand
Of golden sand to the gorgeous gardens their gate,
Where beautiful birds trilled embowered—but bright
in midward,
Burnished of scale and claw, crouched Ladon, to guard
The Fruit and the footing of maidens that minstreled
its fate.

And, dispersing this dream, still another,—bright Bag-
dad's bazaars
With the slow-footed camels from Yemen that lan-
guidly glide,
And, in turban and caftan, some retinue of the viziers,
Black eunuchs with cimeters, guards with their glim-
mering spears
Round the litters of houris close-veiled to the harem
who ride

The Push-Cart

Where some banquet is spread to bedazzle the eyes of
a djinn,
Where the hues of piled peaches, of apricots, pome-
granates, plums
And oranges, flicker like heaps of such jewels as blazed
From Sinbad's deep Valley of Diamonds, turning him
crazed!
Giant blacks draw the curtains apart—and the great
Caliph comes!

Old proser in charge of your push-cart,—ye gods, if
you knew
The grandeurs of purple and gold and rich crimson you
sell
“Two for five—three for five,” with a grin and a greasy
swart hand,
As you chatter and shrug with that boy of the boot-
blackening stand,—
Why, your button-black eyes would grow bulging! . . .
Perhaps 'tis as well!

You'd be sure to go treading on clouds till, like him on
the Field
Of Mars, that a cloud took and rapt from the sight of
his age,
You were snatched to Olympus, and, mopping your
oily brown brow,
Wheeled your cart up the heights where the White
Ones abide even now,—
Till, at sight of you, gaily they sped Ganymede as a
page

The Push-Cart

And haled you before them! Ambrosia and nectar
forgot

I can see them uprisen as one all to pillage your trove.
*Now, superb o'er your overturned cart (having feasted
their fill)*

*They are pelting each other with splendors adown the
green hill,*

*They are chairing you up to a seat between Juno and
Jove!*

CHALLENGE

BY ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD

GRIEVE not, Beloved, that nevermore for me
The wreath of silver shall to gold return,
Nor on the hills my feet be swift and free,
Nor in my cheek May's rapturous roses burn.
Grieve not that I grow weary all too soon,
That my voice falters like a child's at dark.
The Body changes as the changing moon,
Who cares what feathers clothe the meadow lark?

While the glad heavens to my eager eyes
Their mysteries of dawn and dusk unfold,
While just one bird soars singing to the skies,
While just one daisy bares its heart of gold,
My Soul, unchanging, shall be strong to dare,
To live and love, and in God's world to sing.
I am as ageless as the vibrant air,
I am as happy-hearted as the Spring.

WAIF

BY AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

MINE was the heart no hand could tame,
And mine the way no foot had been:
I wandered, nude of any name,
In palaces of green,

Where now and then a cloud would ply
Its silver shuttle overhead,
Weaving across the warp of sky
An iridescent thread.

Where winds betrayed the trusting flowers
To take from them all that was sweet—
Where Day was mother of the hours
That danced with shining feet.

And evenings at her darkened door
She'd call her tired children home
And each would fold its pinafore
And answer her, "I come."

The stars were set to yield me light
Across the ceiling of my room,
And showed my arms as swaying white
As apple boughs in bloom.

Waif

I knew no need for thatch or fire,
Or purse to sing a song of pence;
I warmed myself at my desire,
And paid with innocence.

While others fingered fork or spoon,
Laughing, I joyed to feed my soul
From out a brimming, amber moon
With honey in its bowl.

Then, guided by presentiment,
You turned a corner of the air,
Your youth a garment sadly rent,
All dusty with despair.

And there surprised me, undefiled,
Defenceless to what fate befell,
As wild as autumn leaf is wild,
And secret as a well.

To heal you of your cynic's pain
Till, like a pageantry of birds,
Came daring from your heart again
Some softly feathered words,—

The kiss that sealed me woman-grown,
And yet you dreamed that I might stay
Ever sequestered and alone,
Child of the earth away,—

Waif

To wait your will through storm and wind
Deep in the vocal forest when
You left the travelled road behind,
And lamp-lit haunts of men.

But I—how can I tell you lest
Your faith should fail to understand?
I who was wild now long to nest
Within your hollow hand.

Coveting comfort for my lot,
The rose-bright hearth and shadowed hall,
I find, Beloved, my way is not
The wind's way, after all.

A ribbon for my hair, a gown
In which to languishingly dress,
And four walls of the lighted town
To hold my happiness.

And in a cradle, great for pride,
The babe, the little fairy king,
That, tending, I should sit beside
And unto whom I'd sing!

I guard the truth you dream not of;
I dwell with flower and star and tree—
These be my furniture of love,
The house you give to me.

Waif

Yet ever now by bank or brook,
I meet you with the anguished fear
My eyes may show you with a look
Or tell you with a tear.

THE ASHMAN

JOYCE KILMER

People: An Ashman, a Policeman, a Little Girl in Green.

Scene: A city alley. The ashman is fastening a nose-bag on his horse, which is harnessed to a wagon half-filled with ashes. A policeman is watching him.

Time: Noon.

Policeman: What do you feed him? Ashes?

Ashman: No, I don't!
I feed him Harps. Come over here, you boob,
And let him bite your face, he's hungry!

Policeman: Aw!
You're nothing but a Harp yourself, you poor
Old God-forsaken ashman! Or a wop,
Or some fool kind of foreigner.

Ashman: O Hell!
You make me sick, you big fat pie-faced mutt!
Get out, you spoil my horse's appetite!

Policeman: I'd hate to be your horse, but then I guess
I'd rather be your horse than you. (*Exit.*)

The Ashman

A little girl in green appears from behind the wagon.

Little Girl:

Hello!

Ashman: Hello there, kiddo! Where did *you* come from?

(Climbs to his seat on the wagon, takes out a tin pail, and begins to eat his lunch.)

Little Girl: I think I'd like some bread and butter, please!

Ashman: Ah right, old girl, just take a bite of that.
(Tosses his half loaf down to her.)

Little Girl: There isn't any butter on it.

Ashman:

No.

I haven't got no butter. But it's good,
It's first-rate bread, all right.

Little Girl: *(Tossing back the loaf, from which she has taken a bite.)*

Thanks very much! Thanks, Captain Thunder!

Ashman:

Huh?

You're a queer kid, all right, and hungry, too,
To eat dry bread *(eats some of the bread.)* Why
damn my eyes!

God's wounds!

Here's scurvy provender. *(Throws the bread down)* And scurvy mirth!

What, Kate! Dear Kate o' the Green, well met,
well met,

Slip up and sit beside me, lass! It's not
The first time you have been upon this seat.

The Ashman

Little Girl: (Climbing up beside him)

No Captain, I should know the Royal Mail,
But when did you take up the coaching trade?
I had as soon expect to see old Dick
Throw leg across your Monmouth's gleaming
back,
Thrust pistols in his belt, and gallop off
To make his fortune in the light o' the moon,
As to find you, the Master of the Heath,
The Devil's Treasurer, the Velvet Mask,
The Silver Pistoleer, the Wingéd Thief,
Sitting with down-cast Sabbath-keeping eyes,
Sad lips, and nose all fixed for droning psalms,
In old Dick's place upon the Royal Mail.
A proper driver for a coach and four!

Ashman: Ha' done! God's mercy on us! Let me
speak,
And I will tell you such a waggery
Will make you laugh and split your pretty sides:
I stole the Royal Mail!

Little Girl: You stole the Mail?

Ashman: Aye, prigged it, Kate! Why, here it is, you see,
Box, boot and wheels, four horses and a whip,
And on the door King George's coat of arms.
All mine, good lass, all mine. But for a price,
A bitter price, dear Kate. For Monmouth's dead!

Little Girl: What, Monmouth, best of horses, is he dead?

The Ashman

O Captain Thunder, never tell me that!
Why, all the world holds not another horse
So glossy black, so fleet, so wise, so kind!

Ashman: Yes, Monmouth's dead. Dick shot him
through the heart,
And Monmouth dropped without a whinny. But
I paid Dick back. O Monmouth is avenged!
Now, hear me, Kate! I stopped the Royal Mail
Last night at twelve o'clock at Carter's Cross,
Says I, "Stand now! And let me have the bags—
That's all I want tonight! Hand over, there!"
Dick pulls his leaders on their haunches. "Why,"
Says he, "It's Captain Thunder! By my wig!
Just help yourself!" I prigged his pistol belt
And rode around to look inside the coach.
I got the bags. The passengers were three.
My Lord of Bath and Wells—

Little Girl: A Bishop, what?

Ashman: Aye, that he is; white wig and bands and all.
Yes, he's a Bishop. And there was his wife,
(A big fat monster of a wife) and then
There was a little wizened-looking thing,
A sort of curate. Well, I looked at them
And laughed to see them tremble in their shoes.
"Good e'en, my Lord," says I, and doffed my hat.
"How do you like the Royal Mail?" Says he:
"O good Sir Highwayman, pray let me go,
Our coach broke down at York, and so we took
This public carrier, this dreadful thing,

The Ashman

This Royal Mail. O will you let us pass?
I must get into Hull by dawn, and sleep,
For I confirm an hundred souls at noon."
I listened to him, Kate, and did not see
The old fox slip a pistol up to Dick.
But, bang! Hell's fury! Down fell Monmouth,
dead.
And off I stumbled in the ditch! Well, Kate,
Dick aimed for me, you see, and got the horse.
And I got Dick. I got him through the head.
And then I joined the Bishop once again.
"Come out, my Lord, and strip!" says I. "What,
strip?"
Says he, and let his jaw fall on his chest.
"Yes, strip!" says I, and pulls his great-coat off:
"Yes, strip!" says I, and throws his wig away:
"Yes, strip!" says I, and pulls his breeches off:
And there he stands and shivers, pink and fat.
"Now, Madame Bishopess," says I, "pray do
Poor Captain Thunder so much courtesy
As to ride by him on the way to town."
She screamed and fought, I took her in my arms
And heaved her up into the seat. "Now strip!"
I shouted to the curate. "Yes," says he,
"I'll strip," and strip he did. "Inside!" says I;
They stumbled headlong in, I cracked my whip
And, whoop! the Mail went rumbling on to Hull!
Well, just at dawn we passed the Southern Gate;
We galloped down the street and made a halt
Beside the Close. "Here's the Cathedral, dame!"

The Ashman

Says I, and helped the lady to the ground.
"Unbar the door, and help his Lordship out
And don't forget the curate!" How I laughed
To see the Bishop and the curate run
Stark naked, screaming, to the Chapter House!
Well, I was off at once and out of Hull
And never stopped to breathe the nags till now.

Little Girl: But, Captain Thunder! Captain! Are
you mad?

They'll have the country after you! Be quick!
You can't make cover in a coach and four
As on a horse!

Ashman: Nay, Kate, rest easy now.
Red Will is out, and Davy Doublesword,
And Hieland Jock, and Dan the Drum and Ned,
And twenty gallant gentlemen beside.
And they have sworn to keep the roadway clear
By setting all the lobsters such a chase
Will scatter them till night. And Ned will blow
His bugle when the way is safe. Then, whoop!
I'll rattle off again and fill the coach
With gentlemen of fortune, comrades true,
And own the road from here to London town.
(*A horn is heard and a cry of "Fish, fish, fish, fine
fresh fish!"*)

Little Girl: Down, Captain, loose the horses! There's
the call!

(*The Ashman gets down, takes off the horse's
nosebag and unhitches the horse from the post.*)

The Ashman

Ashman: (*Getting back on his seat*)

Now Kate, we'll gallop off to Arcady.

Policeman: (*Suddenly entering*)

Hello, there, Ashes, who you talking to?

Ashman: Kate of the Greenwood.

Policeman: Kate? You poor old boob!

You're crazy in the head. There's no one there!

Ashman: (*Driving off*)

Make way there, constable. (*Cracks his whip and sings.*)

Come all ye jolly rovers

As wants to hear a tale

Will make your hearts as merry

As a bellyful of ale.

I'll sing of Captain Thunder,

And his dashing slashing way,

How he kissed the queen and he cuffed the king,

And threw the crown away!

(*Exit*)

Policeman:

Well, I'll be damned!

THE FREIGHT YARDS

BY PHOEBE HOFFMAN

IN the long spring evening's twilight, when the sun is
 setting low,
And the smoke from all the engines flushes up, a rosy
 glow,
Then I come up to the bridge-head, watch the lights
 and net-work rails,
Think of when I rode the freighters—engines spouting
 steam like whales,
D. L. W., Jersey Central, old Rock Island, Pere Mar-
quette,
Reading coal cars down from Scranton, piled with
 anthracite like jet;
N. and W., the Great Northern, Lehigh Valley,
B. and O.,
Like a giant earth-worm twisting, slowly round the
 curve they flow,
Caravans of freight move westward, bearing eastern
 goods away.
To come back with hogs and cattle, bales of sweet
 Kentucky hay,
Brakemen walk along the roof-tops lingering for a
 moment's chat;
There an engineer, while smoking, long and eloquently
 spat.

The Freight Yards

Wandering life and care-free rovers, seasoned in
adventure bold,
In the old caboose at night time many a thrilling tale is
told,
But on duty in the winter, when there's hail, and ice,
and snow,
And the rails and roofs are ice-cased, and you slip
each step you go,
Or the melting, boiling summer, when the blisters lump
the paint,
And the fierce sun strikes directly, and you feel you're
like to faint,
That's the time you curse the life out, striking for a
rise in pay,
Say a dog has better living, but you can't quite get
away,
For the rugged freedom holds you, spite of freezing
cold and sweat,
And the grating, grinding thunder of the freights you
can't forget.
L. and N., D. L. and W., Erie, Reading, P. R. R.,
Riding on your sliding roof-tops, that's where joy and
freedom are!

I WOULD NOT DIE IN APRIL

BY CLEMENT WOOD

I WOULD not die in April,
When grass and violet wake,
Nor have your spade disturb them
For my sake;

I prize too much the comfort
Of all the pallid shoots
To grub beneath their confident
Slim roots.

Oh, rather in the snowtime—
That from the newly dead
The grass may forage boldly
In my head,

And from my heart the violet
May drink, and flame a blue
Sweet message from the heart of God
To you.

SPRING COWARDICE

BY LEONORA SPEYER

I am afraid to go into the woods,
I fear the trees and their mad, green moods.

I fear the breezes that pull at my sleeves,
The creeping arbutus beneath the leaves,

And the brook that mocks me with wild, wet words;
I stumble and fall at the voice of birds.

Think of the terror of those swift showers,
Think of the meadows of fierce-eyed flowers!

And the little things with sudden wings,
That buzz about me and dash and dart,
And the lilac waiting to break my heart!

Winter, hide me in your kind snow,
I am a coward, a coward, I know!

A DEAD MAN

WILTON AGNEW BARRETT

HE will not see the tender spring again
Rise from the earth with strange, perennial grace,
He will not see again the May-nights face
Speak of eternal things to transient men,
He will not stir, with deep upliftings, when
June laughs for freedom from our time and place,—
No, though her winds all day blow out of space,
He will not quicken in his body then.

And be his spirit timeless like a star—
A burning life fate can no more remand—
And be it rapturous like the silent flowers,
And a long loveliness in springs afar,—
Yet will he never feel in that new land
The immortality of mortal hours.

NOT I

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

I AM not healed of grief; not I,
Nor shall be till spring boughs forget
Their poignancies down the young sky,
In dusks all violet.

Not I. Not till the year has found
Some other fashion for the rain
In old thin autumn fields; its sound
Against a lonely pane.

Not till the worn, dear, usual things—
Street, house, or even a chair, a jar—
Rid them of all rememberings,
Grow strange, and cold, and far.

Who plucks my cowslips in the sun?
Whose step fleets by the withered tree?
Whose shadowy, golden laughter run
Betwixt my books and me?

They have been gone a thousand years.
I grant it. Are the deeps fallen dry?
Wears grief a look not that of tears?—
Not I, indeed, not I.

FUNERAL

BY RAYMOND PECKHAM HOLDEN

IN the dust with words they laid him,
Told the winds 'twas God that made him;
Him whose life was clock-told hours
Friends consigned to future flowers;
Him whose life was mainly eating
Friends committed to God's greeting,
Sent him to immortal rest
In a mortal, braided vest,
Gave the daily press his story,
Snuffed his wick with oratory.
Death, they said, is a swift changing
To a guise of God's arranging.
Life, they sighed, is something broken,
Death the only holy token.

God was present, and half heard
But was busy with a bird
And He missed the declamation,
Missed the body's name and station,
So will very likely leave him
To the worms, and worms will weave him
No white mask to make him holy,
But oblivion, coming slowly

Funeral

With this legend to expound it—
"There was life—he never found it—
"He is dead—he'll never know;
"Let the grasses tell him so."

A DAY IN MAY!

BY RUTHELE NOVAK

I N our mountain shanty
I cook and wash and sweep,
I tip to see our baby
And find that she's asleep!
The song that's in my heart
Leaps' singing to my lips!
My feet go nimbly dancing
On their many little trips!

The fragrance of the woodbine
And the sweetness of the rose
Float in from the garden
To tantalize my nose!
Oh, you are young and I am, too,
And life to us is play,—
For you love me and I love you
And it's a day in May!

MAY

BY STEPHEN MOYLAN BIRD

THE Pan-thrilled saplings swayed in sportive bliss,
Longing to change their roots to flying feet,
And, where the buds were pouting for Pan's kiss,
The high lark sprinkled music, dewy sweet.

I wandered down a golden lane of light,
And found a dell, unsoiled by man, untrod,
And, with the daffodil for acolyte,
Bared my soul to all the woods, and God.

TO NARCISSUS

BY WINIFRED WELLES

I HAVE no beauty that is all my own,
No special loveliness carved out of me,
No glowing images wrought perfectly,
Splendour of flesh or delicacy of bone.
I am a pool, wherein you shall be shown
How wonderful and starlike you can be—
I am a mirror so that you may see
Yourself most intimately and alone.
When you lean to me and a dear, swift grace
Sways in my body, and my lips and eyes
Grow suddenly and exquisitely calm—
Oh tremble and look deep into my face
And see your own there, marvel and grow wise,
Touch me and cry, "How beautiful I am!"

A SONG FOR MY FATHER

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

BREAK into bloom, my hidden thought!
The apple trees are dressed for May,
And shall their beauty call you not,
Nor sweetness of this day?

For there is one to whom belong
Your coral buds of fancy dim,
And every bloom of full-blown song
You can put on for him.

Mass all your boughs with fragrant snow,
That when he sees you blossoming
On this his birthday, he will know
You bless him for your Spring.

Be opulent for him and sweet:
Thank him as do the grateful trees.
Flutter your flowers to his feet
Like little melodies!

THE DAY YOU WENT

BY BEATRICE W. RAVENEL

THE day you went my world was done.
There came no comfort from the sun
Nor from the love of life that lurks
In sunlight, nor from all the works
Of faith and old philosophy,—
Till one young rose leaned down to me
And shot my brooding like a wing;
The most foolhardy, gallant thing
In all this rocking world, conceived
Of morning dew . . . and I believed!
It bannered upward from the sod
The visible defence of God.

A REVENANT

BY DOROTHY ANDERSON

I ONLY know
Last night he came to me,
Just as he used to come before the days when war and
death
Had passed between us.
Close by my side he stood,
His presence filled the fair nights solitude.
Blue moonlight fell about him like a cloak,
And there was moonlight on a bed of hyacinths
Sweet with the breath of love and youth and spring.

I felt his touch;
His eyes looked into mine;
I heard his voice speaking to me
The words he spoke before he went away;
. . . "Beloved, do not weep. There is no need to
sorrow.
My love will bring me back for many nights like this—
When there is moonlight on the hyacinths,
And the world is full of love and youth and spring."

And I wept not.
His kisses fell upon my eyes
Like dew, and closed them.

A Revenant

Then slow and stealthily a mist came creeping up,
So that in sudden fear I reached to him, I called him—
But he had slipped away.

Alone—I was alone.
But oh, I know that he will come
Again, and yet again—and war and death
Have never passed between us;
And when he comes, though snows fall, there shall be
Moonlight and hyacinths,
And love, and youth, and spring!

TANAGER

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

SCARLET Bird!

Whence have you fluttered into my green gloom,
My sleepy solitude, on quiet wing,
Your voice unheard?

Why do you linger there upon the tree
And still forbear to sing,
As if your message were a silent doom?

O torch of fire,
Enkindled at the flame of heart's desire
In some enchanted land! O winged rose,
Blown from the living garden of delight!

O flash of joy,
Deliriously bright,
Escaping from the heart of some fierce boy
Or maid who thrills and glows!

O dream incarnadine
Out of the jeweled past; red rapture that was mine!
Why sent to torture me?

You cut the shadow like an open wound;
The forest bleeds with your intensity,
In a mysterious anguish, unrelieved by sound.

And when you flit away,
Back to your radiant realm, your vivid day,
And, shivering, I shall gaze

Tanager

Down the dim alley, empty of your blaze,
The darkness will be darker than of yore,
The silence stiller than it was before.
Then faded peace will brood,
A moment stirred,
In the transfigured wood,
O Scarlet Bird!

MY GARDEN IS A PLEASANT PLACE

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

MY garden is a pleasant place
Of sun glory and leaf grace.
There is an ancient cherry tree
Where yellow warblers sing to me,
And an old grape arbor where
A robin builds her nest, and there
Above the lima beans and peas
She croons her little melodies,
Her blue eggs hidden in the green
Fastness of that leafy screen.
Here are striped zinnias that bees
Fly far to visit; and sweet peas,
Like little butterflies newborn,
And over by the tasseled corn
Are sunflowers and hollyhocks,
And pink and yellow four-o'clocks.
Here are humming birds that come
To seek the tall delphinium,
Songless bird and scentless flower
Communing in a golden hour.

There is no blue like the blue cup
The tall delphinium holds up,
Not sky, nor distant hill, nor sea,
Sapphire, nor lapis-lazuli.

My Garden Is a Pleasant Place

My lilac trees are old and tall,
I cannot reach their bloom at all.
They send their perfume over trees
And roofs and streets, to find the bees.

I wish some power would touch my ear
With magic touch, and make me hear
What all the blossoms say, and so
I might know what the winged things know.
I'd hear the sunflower's mellow pipe,
"Goldfinch, goldfinch, my seeds are ripe!"
I'd hear the pale wisteria sing,
"Moon moth, moon moth, I'm blossoming!"

I'd hear the evening primrose cry,
"O, firefly! Come, firefly!"
And I would learn the jeweled word
The ruby-throated hummingbird
Drops into cups of larkspur blue,
And I would sing them all for you!

My garden is a pleasant place
Of moon glory and wind grace.
O, friend, wherever you may be,
Will you not come to visit me?
Over fields and streams and hills,
I'll pipe like yellow daffodils,
And every little wind that blows
Shall take my message as it goes.

My Garden Is a Pleasant Place

A heart may travel very far
To come where its desires are.
O, may some power touch your ear,
And grant me grace, and make you hear!

MY SOUL IS A MOTH

BY DOROTHY ANDERSON

WOO me not tonight, O my lover;
Not tonight—for my soul is not here!

My soul is a moth
And the dusk is my lover.
In the hush of the shadows
We tryst, and we listen—
Breathless—we listen
To the far-blown secrets of night.

O fragrant-blown secrets!
They are hid in the petals of moonflowers,
In the low, singing rhythm that stirs through the
leaves,
In soft, elfin laughter,
And in the whirring of bats' wings.

Little star-birds are splashing
Their silver feathers in puddles of dew.

There is a gold bowl in heaven,
Half-tipped, and spilling its honey
In long, luscious streaks upon the black grass;
And we sip

My Soul Is a Moth

Until we are steeped in it,
Until we are faint with it,
With the beauty and sweet of it—

O bear with the heavy-winged vagrant
My moth-soul, my lover;
Woo me not tonight,
Not tonight!

THREE SONGS FOR E.

BY SARA TEASDALE

I

GRAY EYES

IT was April when you came
The first time to me,
And my first look in your eyes
Was like my first look at the sea.

We have been together
Four Aprils now,
Watching for the green
On the swaying willow-bough;

Yet whenever I turn
To your gray eyes over me,
It is as though I looked
For the first time at the sea.

II

MEADOWLARKS

IN the silver light after a storm,
Under dripping boughs of bright new green,
I take the low path to hear the meadowlarks,
More proud and high hearted than if I were a queen.

Three Songs For E.

What have I to fear in life or death,
Who have known three things: the kiss in the night,
The white flying joy when a song is born,
And meadowlarks whistling in silver light.

III

THE NET

I MADE you many and many a song,
Yet never one told all you are—
It was as though a net of words
Were flung to catch a star;

It was as though I curved my hand
And dipped sea-water eagerly,
Only to find it lost the blue
Deep splendor of the sea.

DUSK IN THE GARDEN

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THIS stillness made of azure
And veiled with lavender,
Must be my daylight garden
Where all the pigeons were!

Blue dusk upon my eyelids,
Your elfin whims disclose
The moth that is a flower,
The wings that are a rose.

Make haste, exhale your sweetness
For you must vanish soon:
The garden will forget you
At rising of the moon.

A glory dawns predestined
Of old to banish you
And bind you fast with rainbows
In dungeons of the dew.

And who will then remember
Your cool and gossamer art?
Ah, never moon may exile
Your beauty from my heart!

RONDELS OF LOMALAND

BY KENNETH MORRIS

THE RAIN

GOD is in this gray, pensive rain;
It is his mystic inmost mood;
He has some old sweet thought to brood,
Too curious for joy or pain.
Keep your heart hushed! You'll get no gain
Of anxious prayers and strivings crude
While God is busy with the rain . . .

Some secrecy, occult, arcane,
Holds its swift-drifting multitude;
It hurries through the quietude
Whispering so silverly . . . It's plain
To me that God is in the rain,
And in his inmost mystic mood.

NOON ON THE HILLSIDE

YON wizard Sun-god dreamed of old
This glowing sage-brush solitude
All silver-green and turkis-hued,
With lilac shadows manifold.

Rondels of Lomaland

These ragged blue-gums, sun-ensouled,
On some antique enchantment brood;
Yon wizard Sun-god dreamed of old
This glowing sage-brush solitude.

There's nothing human to behold,
Nor aught mortality-imbued;
God in his grand alchemic mood
Melts earth to dim, aerial gold—
Yon wizard God that dreamed of old
This glowing sage-brush solitude.

THE FLOWERS

I COULD well spend a thousand years
Just worshipping and praising you,
That wonder have, and honeydew,
For our crass passion, speech and tears.
Your meditations soar in spheres
No saint of ours, nor poet, knew;
Sweet, I could spend ten thousand years
Just worshipping and praising you!

For you, I guess, have eyes and ears
For all God broods beyond the blue;
And what the plumed archangels do
You dream, and have no hopes nor fears.
Oh that I had a million years,
Sweet, to give all to praise of you!

Rondels of Lomaland

EVENING OVER FALSE BAY

WHEN the dove-wings of Evening dimmed
The quiet world to blue and grey,
Between the tree-trunks, far away
On that soft gloom a marvel gleamed:
The pearl and turkis waters rimmed
With lights vermeil and golden gay
Where the dove-wings of Evening dimmed
The quiet world to blue and grey.

'Twas like some Feast of Lanterns, limned
By wizard painters in Cathay,
Some palace in the Realms of Fay
That Sinbad or Aladdin dreamed
When the dove wings of Evening dimmed
The quiet world to blue and grey.

A MORNING IN SEPTEMBER

PEARL-PALE from some dim Paradise
She wanders speechless, sibylline,
By ghostly coastlines half unseen—
Dim shores, wan seas, and grey, pale skies.
Tiptoe, and hushed with mysteries
Unwhisperable—aloof of mien,
Pearl-pale from some dim Paradise
She wanders, speechless, sibylline.

Grey Druidess of the dreaming eyes,
You give no gold for Summer's green,
Nor deck the trees in passing sheen

Rondels of Lomaland

Of gilt and carmined heraldries;
Pearl-pale from some dim Paradise
You wander speechless, sibylline!

PAMPAS-GRASS

THEY had some secret news to tell,
The plume-blooms of the pampas-grass,
They held me, that I might not pass,
With some sun-sweet, scarce-whispered spell.
About some faery miracle,
Or the hidden wealth the Gods amass,
They surely had strange news to tell . . .

But I was moidered with the swell
Of common thought;—had not, alas!
Fasted of words since Martinmas
As they had; and I heard not well
The unusual news they had to tell,
Those plumes and blooms of pampas-grass.

KATHLEEN

BY BERNARD RAYMUND

SO calm, so still, with eyes so far away
She sits unheedful of the clanging throng,
Only her slender, white-gloved fingers play
About the lilac in her lap; old song,
Old unremembered wisps of music float
To kiss the clinging fragrance at her lips.
And there's a sudden catching in her throat
For the sight of channel water as it slips
Up a dear shore, for clambering roads that wind
In dusty indolence from hill to hill,
The hedgerow all in blossom, ditches blind
With gold a million buttercups let spill.
Full of the wonder spring has brought to pass
Once more she runs barefooted thru the grass.

TO DANCE!

BY MARGARET B. MCGEE

I WANT to dance!
When the sun catches the aspen leaves
They dance;
When it flecks the grasses and mottles the streams
They dance;
When the dark storm bends the black branches
And the wind whips up the waves
They dance;
The birds swing on the elm twig,
The sap races in the tree,
Horses run in the pasture,
Mist fairies glide to and fro in the valley,
Cloud children play in heaven,
The stars sing and dance,
And I want to dance!

I can be rain drops.
I can be leaves and bending grasses,
Gold mottled streams and running horses,
Racing sap and the hidden heart of flowers.
I can be fire light and moon light,
A child of the night mist and a sister of the stars.
All the world sings and dances,
And I am a child of all the world. I want to sing,
and—
I want to dance!

FOREST DANCE

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

I SHALL dance in the forest,
And all my dancing shall be for you—
For you, who are very far away.

The wind shall make
A tune for my feet.
It must be low;
It must be sweet—
For it is for you,
Sweeter, lower;
A little slower—

Now I raise my foot and knee;
And spurn the ground; and leap; and see
The sky like a scarf to strain to, touch,
Feel, and be part of, and claim, and clutch,
And wave, in my dance!

Wind! Louder! Faster!
Be confusion! Be disaster!

Now I crouch, and now I run,
And dance, and dance, and catch the sun
In one outstretched arm, and fling it high
Back, against the wall of the air!
Now it is caught in the scarf I wear!
Now it is caught in my scarf, the sky,

Forest Dance

Like a jewelled pin, like a yellow stone!
It, too, is my own!
Now I shall trail my scarf, and tread
A stately march, and droop my head,
Mimicking flowers, and they will all
Tremble with anger. I shall let fall
My scarf, and now I shall dance the word
That is in my heart when I think of you.
(It is a burning word, and holy.
It is like a wakened bird.)
Wild, and mad is my dance! I turn
Swaying, trembling, like a tree,
Like a tree that starts to burn
In a forest, that feels the fire creep slowly
Up its branches, into its bark,
And sees its own smoke, like a dark
Cloud that shuts it out from the known
Trees with whom it has leaved and grown.
Caught in flames, it shivers to see
Itself a flame, that was a tree!

So I dance! Wind, sing, sing!
Louder, wilder, faster fling
Down your music! I drop the sky
Beneath my feet, and I tread it under.
I hold my cupped hands, full of wonder,
High, high—

I dance in the forest,
And all my dancing is for you,
Who are far away, and will never know.

THE FIDDLER

BY EDNA VALENTINE TRAPNELL

DONAL o' Dreams has no bed for his sleeping,
No gold in his keeping, no glove for his hand;
But the birds understand his wild music's leaping
And the children follow his fiddle's command.
He is sib to the winds and the wandering streams
And the stars are the kinsfolk of Donal o' Dreams.

When day goes over the edge of the dark
The grandsires hark to his songs of old,
And on dreams of gold do the lads embark
While the lassies beckon him in from the cold
But he's heeding no hearth where the firelight gleams
For the Voices are calling to Donal o' Dreams.

Playing o' nights by the fairy rings
The brown fiddle swings a dancing song;
Nor right nor wrong in the music sings—
(O, the light feet whirling the leaves along!)
Soulless as moon's light and soft as her beams
Sounds the fairy music of Donal o' Dreams.

Gold cannot stay him nor maidens' sigh—
Stars fleck the skies or the fiddle's croon

The Fiddler

Softens the noon on his way that lies

To the East of the Sun and the West of the Moon—
Always in search of that Land he is roaming

And he follows its Gleam from the dawn to the
gloaming.

THE DANCER IN THE SHRINE

BY AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

I AM a dancer. When I pray
I do not gather thoughts with clumsy thread
Into poor phrases. Birds all have a way
Of singing home the truth that they are birds,
And so my loving litany is said
Without the aid of words.
I am a dancer. Under me
The floor dreams lapis lazuli,
With inlaid gems of every hue—
Mother o' pearl I tread like dew,
While at the window of her frame
Our Lady, of the hallowed name,
Leans on the sill. Gray saints glare down,
Too long by godliness entranced,
With piety of painted frown,
Who never danced . . .
But Oh, Our Lady's quaint, arrested look
Remembers when she danced with bird and brook,
Of wind and flowers and innocence a part,
Before the rose of Jesus kissed her heart
And men heaped heavy prayers upon her breast.
She watches me with gladness half confessed
Who dare to gesture homage with my feet,
Or twinkle lacey steps of joy

The Dancer In the Shrine

To entertain the Holy Boy;
Who, laughing, pirouette and pass,
Translated by the colored glass,
To meanings infinitely sweet.
And though it is not much, I know,
To fan the incense to and fro
With skirt as flighty as a wing,
It seems Our Lady understands
The method of my worshipping,
The hymns I'm lifting in my hands . . .
I am a dancer . . .

FIRE-WEED IN THE FOREST

BY JULIAN M. DRACHMAN

FROM among deep mosses
That cushion the twisted roots of the wood,
It springs—the ragged weed with burning blossoms.
And, if you look for it, the cloistered dimness
Under pine boughs, thick-thatched eternally,
Is pierced in myriads of places
By these tiny sparks, these flashes of cool flame.

If there were a God of Fire,
His home would be the forest.
In the most secret chamber of the oak woods,
To which the light of true day never penetrates,
He would lurk all year, and growl and grumble to
himself.
In August, when hares lie panting in their burroughs,
How terrible he would stalk abroad;
Touching the dry tree-trunks with his fingers!
How he would rush, roaring through the woods,
Sweeping his red banners among crackling branches!

Then, if he but glanced down
And saw the beautiful mockery at his feet,
Mimicking him;
The fire-weed, lighting the forest floor with loveliness

Fire-Weed In the Forest

As he was lighting its vaulted roof with horror—
Would he not shrink back?
Would he not feel within himself how mean
And how absurd a thing is fearfulness;
How divine is beauty;
What an all-mighty revealer of truth
Laughter can be?

COURAGE, MON AMI!

BY WILLARD WATTLES

OH, it is good to camp with the spirit,
Oh, it is jaunty to walk with the mind,
When the soul sees all the future to share it
Knowing the road that stretches behind.

Courage, my comrade, the devil is dying!
Here's the bright sun and a cloud scudding free;
The touch of your hand is too near for denying,
And laughter's a tavern sufficient for me.

Hang your old hat on the smoke-mellowed rafter,
Strike an old song on your crazy guitar;
Hey, hustle, old lady, it's heaven we're after—
God, but I'm glad we can be what we are!

HA! HA!

BY WILLARD WATTLES

I THOUGHT Joy went by me,
I thought Love was dead—
They did it but to try me;
Laughingly Love said:

"We are crazy fellows,
All the roads we roam;
When you come to find us,
We are not at home.

"Then some winter evening
We will straggle in,
Set the rafters rocking
With the old familiar din.

"Stay not hands to hold us
When we're bowsed and fed,
We are crazy fellows," . . .
Laughingly Love said.

JOY O' LIVING

BY AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

HE came with roses in his mouth,
And kindling rubies in each vein,
Like perfume of the scented south
Through flying arrows of the rain,
And on his goat-heels sat and played
Till we were charmed yet half afraid!

And dogs and sheep and gentle things
Crept near, and very shy and sweet
A butterfly, on painted wings,
Alighted softly at his feet,
And hearing him the great god Pan
Grew feeble as an old, old man.

His antics were so proud and free,
His smiles so wilful and so rare
He should have worn eternity
As jewels in his grape-dark hair;
And yet the burden of his song
Was that he could not linger long!

The clouds, a white-robed pilgrim lot,
Came gathering at once they saw

Joy O' Living

Our little tangled human knot
Attentive to his oaten straw,
Till all on tiptoe they withdrew
And let the moon adventure through.

Through evening's iridescent mist
He saw me once and followed far;
I would that he had caught and kissed
And set me like a burning star
To cool in some blue distant place
Till death or dawn should find my face.

RENDEZVOUS

BY LEONORA SPEYER

BUT one more month and I shall be
Wrapt in a shadowed harmony
Of leaves and buds and crinkly moss,
Above me tangled green will toss,
And all about,
Unfurled for me,
Uncurled for me,
The fern's unhurried rout:
But one more month—so soon—
Wait for me, June, my June!

The birds, live cups of singing wine,
On their tall stems of larch and pine,
Will brim for me the glad day long
The comfort of their bubbling song;
The nightingale
Will trill for me,
Will spill for me,
Her shy, exultant grail:
But one more month—so soon—
Wait for me, June, my June!

Bring me your revelling fields and woods,
Your hills and lakes of solemn moods,

Rendezvous

Gather the stars, fresh-plucked and sweet,
Scatter them wide where we two meet!
I bring to you,
Still near to me
Still dear to me,
My ancient grief, still new:
But one more month—so soon—
Wait for me, June, my June!

THE NATURALIST ON A JUNE SUNDAY

BY LEONORA SPEYER

MY old gardener leans on his hoe,
Tells me the way that green things grow;
"Goin' to church? Why no.
All nature's church enough for me!"
Says he.

"Preachin' o' flower and choir o' bird,
An' the wind passin' the plate—
Sweetest service that ever *I* heard,
That's straight!

Eternal Rest?

What for, friend?

Gimme a swarm o' bees to tend,
A honey-makin', world without end,
That's what *I'd* like the best!
(Scoop 'em right up an' find the queen,
They'd not sting *me*—the bees ain't mean!)

"Heaven's all right!

But still I guess I'll kinder miss
The Lady Lunar moth at night
And the White Wanderer butterfly
Crawlin' out of its cysalis!

The Naturalist On a June Sunday

I want my heaven human too,
"Twixt me an' you—
Why I'd jus' love to see
A chipmunk hop up to the Lord
An' eat right out o' His dread Hand
Same as it does to me!
Eternity—eternity—
Don't it sound grand?
But say
What's the matter with today?
Just step into the wood an' take a look!
Ain't that a page o' teachin' from the Holy Book?
'He that hath eyes to see
An' ears to hear'—
That's good enough for me!
I guess God's pretty near,
He'll understand, *I* know,
Why I ain't in no hurry to let June go!"

My old gardener turns to his hoe,
Helping the green things how to grow,
"The Misses can go to church for me!
Amen!" says he.

WEEK-END SONNETS

BY JOHN FRENCH WILSON

I.

COME out to our house any week-end in June,
When dandelions riot in the grass:
And drink the yellow floods of afternoon,
Poured from a sky of blue and quivering glass.
Go through the arbor where the ramblers mass
In crimson flame against white lattices:
Open the easy swinging gate, and pass
Beneath the birch, between the maple trees
With tops a-tremble in the south-west breeze:
Follow along the curving gravel walk
Up to the terrace top, where, as you please,
Tobacco, high adventure, casual talk,
And journey's end await, if you are one
Who would live much and quietly, in the sun.

II.

The easy swinging gate you entered through
Has worn and rusty hinges; but they creak
A little song of welcoming to you,
Sung in the only language they can speak.
They know the gladdest day of all the week,
And count upon it, even as you and I.

Week-End Sonnets

Their Monday morning voice is but a squeak;
Somehow they cannot learn to sing "Goodbye."
You may not think such knowingness can lie
In rusted hinges of an arbor gate;
But everywhere in earth and air and sky
Alluring undiscovered wonders wait,
And high adventure lurks; and splendor clings
In trivial and unsought-after things.

III.

On Sunday morning you may go to church
In any way you please, or not at all.
There is a stately one beneath our birch,
A lowlier one out by the garden wall:
Methodist, Catholic, Episcopal,
Are all within an easy morning's stroll;
But if these venerable creeds appal,
A garden spade may benefit your soul;
Or some eternal verity unroll
As you spread paint upon the kitchen screens,
Or fix fresh cut nasturtiums in a bowl,
Or hold communion with the lima beans.
Or you may put your clean white flannels on
And meet it as you ramble through the lawn.

IV.

But do not make a desperate search for God
Lest you offend his quiet dignity.
The week-end is no time to pant or plod
The rock-strewn roads of any Calvary.

Week-End Sonnets

It is a time to live in the sun, and see
Your favorite god by glimpses, everywhere.
I find him lurking quite persistently
In our young daughter's laugh, and in her hair;
And if the baby smiles, he lingers there:
But when the baby cries, he understands
And straightway slips without offense or care
Into my wife's brown eyes and her white hands;
And many a moonlight night in fall he comes
To dance among the red chrysanthemums.

FISHING

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

THE days that I'd go fishing,
I would wake before the dawn,
The moon a little lip of gold
Above a silver lawn,
Where in a velvet pool of trees,
A gray mist hung, unstirred by breeze,
Or any sound, so patiently
The world bore night, it seemed to me.

The house was silent to my feet,
Beneath a tiptoe tread,
And I could see behind each door,
Calm in a white-paned bed,
An aunt, with high patrician nose,
An uncle carmined; there arose
A smell of matting on the air,
Sober and cooling everywhere.

Straight through the kitchen past the cat
Who blinked with eyes of gold,
And yawned with infinite contempt,
For sleep is ever new, and old
Is fishing; on the Nile,
Once with mysterious feline guile,
Were caught bright fins of other days,
In temple-shadowed moonlit bays.

Fishing

The cat, the stove, an opened door
Upon a miracle of sun!
O for the dew upon the grass!
O for the feet that dance and run!
And in the maples' tiptop spires
A bursting song of passionate choirs!
I think that morning's finest joys
Are saved for little fishing boys.

Where trout lie there are white, white stones,
With running water over;
And half the air is made of mint,
And half is made of clover;
And slow clouds come and go and sail,
Like giant fish with lazy tail.

A stream runs out a fine spun song,
From shadowy pools to laughter;
A wood-song with a chorus in,
And a lilt, and a chuckle after;
For little waves with sunlight in
Are like plucked notes of a violin;
While through the mist of melodies,
Is ever the motif of the breeze.

Some find bird caroling sweet at dawn,
And some, more sweet at noon,
But fishing boys like dusk, I think,
For there's a hush, that soon,
When evening sends you homeward bound,

Fishing

Turns every field to tremulous sound,
Where thrush and owl and meadow lark
Chant to the coming of the dark.

The nights when I'd been fishing,
Were always very still,
Save for a rustling of the leaves,
A distant whip-poor-will;
And, in a sky of velvet-blue,
The stars were golden fishes, too;
Swam slowly, swam into a dream
Of white stones and a running stream.

INLAND

BY FRANCES DICKENSON PINDER

A KEEN wind, a live wind,
A blithe wind, gallant, free,
Blows laughing, singing, sailing in,
Careening in, from sea.

The calm wood, the staid field,
The uneventful vale—
What know they of blue magic or
Slant sunlight on a sail?

And yet when the night wind
Sets seaward sweet with bloom,
There's one who sees red clover fields
Against the landward gloom!

WEATHER

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

GIVE me a land where the fog comes manifold and
grey
From over the black wash of the waves and the sheer
white spray;
For in a land where the fog lies my mother bore her
child—
Out of the blown wet veil of the fog first I wept and
smiled.

Give me a land where the fog comes, for when I burn
with pain,
As to a mother I would go home into the fog again;
I would leave the garish fire of the sun and go where
skies are blind,
For cool to cover me is the fog, cool and very kind,
Large as her love to hold and enfold me, quiet as death
—or sleep—
It may be that where the fog lies I can smile again, or
weep.

SUMMER SEA

BY ARCHIE AUSTIN COATES

THE sea is like a little child at play,
Its bright hair sparkling in the sunshine;
Its tousled curls dancing in the breeze
Spread out in undulant reaches
Across the shoulders of the bar.
The sea is like a solitary child
Murmuring and singing to itself in play,
Skipping across into shallow inlets,
Catching and tossing a vagrant sea-flower,
Or pouring a thousand little shells
Idly from hand to hand.

LONELINESS

BY E. J. COATSWORTH

THE sea lies throbbing on the shore.
The sea-gulls cry against the west.
Those who think least are happiest.

The sea-weeds blindly twist and turn,
The long waves shudder on the reef.
Power for joy is power for grief.

A mist comes groping from afar,
It cannot press the sea to rest.
Those who think least are happiest.

INLAND

BY EDNA VALENTINE TRAPNELL

WILLIE'S wife is very kind, Willie's equal you
can't find

And they've brought me here to anchor for as long as
I shall stay;

The children fairly dote on my little whittled boats
And it's "Granpop, Granpop" all the live-long day.

But it's that still o' nights that I cant feel to rights,
Nothing but the crickets or the foot steps passing by.
I strain my old deaf ears 'till it almost seems they
hears

The murmur of the waters or the sea-gulls' squeaky
cry.

The white road stretches down, farm by farm an' town
by town,

If I could follow far enough I know I'd reach the sea—
Oh, to hear the sea birds cry an' to watch the ships
sail by,

Jus' to sniff the old salt smell how happy I would be!

Jus' to hear the Captains talk, from Point Jude to
Kittyhawk

Jus' to hear the crashin' roar of the breakers runnin'
free—

Inland

My eyes are sick to sight the old Fire Island Light
Where she lifts across the waters for to warn the ships
at sea.

Soon they'll lay me down to rest with my hands
crossed on my breast

Scarred by ropes and marked with anchors as a sailor
man's should be.

But my soul, she'll never bide—at the turnin' of the
tide

She'll be pulling at her anchor and a runnin' out to sea!

THE TANKERS

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

TO Bombay and Capetown, and ports of a hundred
lands,
To Mombassa, Panama, and Aden on the sands,
Red with rust and green with mold, caked with sodden
brine,
The reeling, rolling tankers sail Southward from the
Tyne.

Southward past the Cornish cliffs, cleft red against the
clouds,
They snort and stagger onward with sailors in their
shrouds
To the spell of rolling seas and the blue of a windy
sky
While the smoke lies brown to leeward as the liners
scurry by.

Thrashing through a tearing gale with a dark green sea
ahead,
While the funnel clews sing madly against a sky of
red,
Foam choked and wave choked, scarred by battered
gear,
The long brown decks are whirling seas where silver
combers rear.

The Tankers

Swinging down a brilliant gulf with shores of brown
and gray

The snub-nosed, well-decked tankers slowly steam
their way

Up the straits to the Pirate Coast and dim harbors of
the South

Where they lie like long red patches by a jungle river's
mouth.

"SHIPPING NEWS"

BY DAVID MORTON

HERE is the record of their splendid days:
The curving prow, the tall and stately mast,
And all the width and wonder of their ways
Reduced to little printed words, at last.
The Helen Dover docks, the Mary Ann
Departs for Ceylon and the Eastern trade:
Arrived: The Jacque, with cargoes from Japan,
And Richard Kidd, a tramp, and Silver Maid.

The narrow print is wide enough for these:
But here: "Reported Missing" . . . the type fails,
The column breaks for white, disastrous seas,
The jagged spars thrust through, and flapping sails
Flagging farewells to sky and wind and shore,
Arrive at silent ports, and leave no more.

CROSSING ON THE SEATTLE FERRY

BY CLARE D. STEWART

OH the exquisite poems in sound,
The swash of the bow wave,
The boil of the wake,
The rhythmic sound pulse of the hidden screw,
The white swash of a clumsy-topped wave that trips
and falls,
(Can you hear white swashes and white sounds?
I can hear white sounds—
They are always soft—
They are quiet sounds,
Just soothing the silence by their inconspicuous
swishes, rustles, murmurs,
Like the breaking of bubbles in cloudy foam,
And the fall of snow flakes upon snow)
And then the lap of the little green slopes against the
bell buoy's adamant red,
Or the keening of a taut stay, vibrant, weird,
The slap-slap-slap of a halyard against a staff, count-
ing the pulses of the iron heart stowed away in
the vessel's vitals,
And the whirr of a gull's wings—
Oh I say there are poems in sound,
Poems as many as bubbles here while crossing the bay.

Crossing On the Seattle Ferry

And the exquisite poems in sight!
I see a sleek-hulled ship,
Pushed thru the cold green water
By the unseen, polished blades, rapidly whirling,
I see a graceful hull at a mooring,
With a black top-side and a white boot-top,
And a red boot-top,
And a green line at the water!
Without your graceful ends you are beautiful, O Hull!
Without your mellow colors you are beautiful, O Hull!
Even afar like a smudge upon the wave you are beautiful, O Hull!
Even afar as a speck beneath the sun you are beautiful, O Hull!
I look at our ship's invasion of untrammelled waters ahead,
The drapery of eager commotion that fans out abeam and astern,
The ermine lace of a toppling crest,
The lathery curd of the wake,
Cumulous white,
The side'swell's far-reaching orderly ridges,
Lifting the sea like curving plow-shares of pearl,
The smoke tumbling out of the funnels,
Drooping abeam over the sea,
Doubling and redoubling and gyrating like dancers in a dream,
Swirling whirl-pools of murk that detach themselves and spin into nothingness,
Queer little torques,

Crossing On the Seattle Ferry

Spinning and spinning, and low, are gone,
Like gray old women in a child's faery tale;
And I see the fine-spun radial lines about my aureoled
 head upon the mote-filled water,
I see it as Walt Whitman saw it—
It is the halo shine of the God in man,
Of the God in me—
And it will make a God of you, O Reader, to stand at
 the rail in the sun-stream and gaze at the water
Marking the bubble swarms beneath the surface,
Swimming upward and outward,
Simmering like bees;
Feeling the stroke of the Chinook on your hand,
Laughing, laughing, laughing, laughing, the inward
 laugh of joy in the sea-shine and sun-shine,
Purged by this riotous bath of sense—
O splash of crimson stack!
O note of shrilling tug!
O kiss of wind!
O ye sheer miracles of sense!
Quivering flood of sense—
I bathe and bathe and bask,
Exult, and nothing ask
But that the sunny day endure.

BEAUTY LIKE YOURS

BY DAVID MORTON

BEAUTY like yours is stranger than white ships
That leave their ports to sail into the night:
Faint winds of mystery are at your lips,
Young dawns have brought you chrisms of their
light
And left their whiteness on you, and old dusks
Of dreamy-hearted countries haunt your hair
With shadows and elusive, trailing musks—
Till you have come most marvellously fair.
What spirit shores, on what forgotten sea,
Knew the thin shallop of your shining soul,
The fragile grace, the gleaming radiancy?
O, slender barque, what waters yet may roll
Back from the prow in dancing flowers of foam,
Or on deep bosoms bear you gently home?

SAND

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

THE sand which will not hold the print of my shoe,
Remembers, none the less,
Chaos,
The birth of stars,
And the sunken lines of sea-devoured continents.
It is the gray hair of earth,
Bleached and wave-beaten,
That has known the passionate rage of waters,
White heat of sun,
And the slow passing of a thousand thousand years.

MASKS

BY MARIANNE MOORE

“**L** OON” . . . “goose” . . . and “vulture” . . .

Thus, from the kings of water and of air,
Men pluck three catchwords for their empty lips.
Mock them in turn, wise, dumb triumvirate!
You, gander, with stout heart tooled like your wings
of steel,

What coward knows your soul?
“Egyptian vultures, clean as cherubim,
All ivory and jet,” sons of the burning sun,
What creatures call you “foul”?
And you, nature’s own child,
You most precocious water bird,
That shouts exultantly among lone lakes,
You, foremost in the madman’s alphabet—
Laugh in superb contempt at folly’s catalogue!

THE ELM

BY ODELL SHEPARD

THE mountain pine is a man at arms
With flashing shield and blade,
The willow is a dowager,
The birch is a guileless maid,
But the elm tree is a lady
In gold and green brocade.

Broad-bosomed to the meadow breeze
The matron maple grows,
The poplar plays the courtesan
To every wind that blows,
But who the tall elm's lovers are
Only the midnight knows.

And few would ever ask it
Of such a stately tree,
So lofty in the moonlight,
So virginal stands she,
Snaring the little silver fish
That swim her silent sea.

The Elm

But hush! A hum of instruments
Deep in the night begins,
Along those dusky galleries
Low music throbs and thins,—
A whispered sound of harps and flutes
And ghostly violins.

For what mysterious visitor
Do all her windy bells
Ring welcome in the moonlight
And amorous farewells? . . .
The elm tree is a lady.
The midnight never tells.

THESE ARE THY SHEEP, THEOCRITUS

BY HELEN COALE CREW

WAR-CLANGOR and the city's din
Fall heavily upon our ears;
Our hearts are quick to leap at fears;
And multitudinous labors mock
The night with their persistent grip;
When lo, with nibbling jerk and nip,
To our glad vision enters in
The little wayward, wanton flock,
The little snowy, woolly sheep,
Whose counting woos reluctant sleep.

These are thy sheep, Theocritus;
The tiny marching hooves that beat
A sharp staccato in the dells
And vales Sicilian; theirs the bells
That, silver-tinkling clear and sweet,
To drowsy dreams are leading us.
Down Ætna's slopes to emerald grass
They come, and softly browsing, pass
To the cool brooks for watering;
For grateful shade, to olive trees
Deep-murmuring with myriad bees,
Hark! Hear you not Menalcas sing
To the shrill pipes of Corydon?

These Are Thy Sheep, Theocritus

Pan! Pan! Pan!
In the fervid noon
Behold, I bring thee
In my beechen bowl,
Carved 'round with vine-leaves,
Chestnuts, and cheese,
And amber honey,
And the velvet purple
Of a grape-cluster!

Deign thou, O God Pan,
To accept my offerings,
And give me in return
Amaryllis, the wilful one,
To kiss and to embrace
In the twilight thickets,
When the Lord Apollo
Has driven his steeds
Below the cool rim
Of the blue ocean!

Now one by one, and one by one,
And—O sweet sleep!—yet one by one.
Under the slowly darkening sky
Brodered by Pleiads on the line
Where weary day and night divine
Mingle, and earth is musical
With the black cricket's madrigal
Up-issuing from the tangled grass—
The wanton, woolly sheep still pass,

Nosing and nibbling, on and on,
And bleat and browse and so pass by
And dispossessed of stress and din—
The roar of Mars, the shriek of sin—
With quiet heart, with soothed ear,
Only a far, dim sound we hear,
The echo of Menalcas' song
And the faint pipes of Corydon.

. . . O kindly Pan!
Fold me in nightly
With the little flock
Of divine Theocritus,
Who sang of them
As they nibbled at the thickets
Below frowning Ætna,
Where eager shepherd
And wilful shepherdess
Clasped and kissed!

A HOME

BY HARDWICKE MARMADUKE NEVIN

IN some walled ancient town this home must be,
And near, as always, must be heard . . . the sea . . .

Where nights our foreheads cool. Where drowsily
The vested robins choir upon the lawn.
Where we can feel, half-dreaming, one small fawn
Beneath the dewy pines move wearily,
Pause, and in silence from the rosary,
Ponder, with elfin mien, on us 'til dawn.

Where sunlight rolls in haloes through the flowers.
Where ruined abbeys rise, their wet lush vines
Cathedraling the forests. Where the signs
Of coming storms in skies bring only showers.

In some walled ancient town this home must be,
And near, as always, must be heard . . . the sea . . .

IN THE SKY GARDEN

BY STEPHEN MOYLAN BIRD

IN God's own garden I have sung alone,
Moon-borne up to the angels' castle towers,
And fingering a wind-strung, wild guitar,
Have sung my soul song to the knee-deep flowers.

And once an angel tossed a rosy kiss,
Fluttering to me, a warm butterfly—
And now, though I may walk in earthly ways,
My heart still haunts the garden in the sky.

THE QUEEN'S SHRIFT

BY D. E. P. HARDING

THE queen laid by her robes of state
And doffed her jeweled crown.
With hushèd feet and look elate
She from the dais stepped down.

"I go into retreat, my friends,
My loyal friends, alone,
For faults I have to make amends
And any sin atone."

They bent their knees, and saw her pass,
Though each one said within:
"The Queen's soul is a looking-glass
For Heaven. It holds no sin."

They saw her pass beyond the gates
With bowed and uncrowned head.
They said, "She goes to Hermit Kate's
To pray there for the dead."

But when she reached the darksome wood
Beyond her subjects' eyes,
The quiet queen in rapture stood,
Then danced with wild emprise.

The Queen's Shrift

She gathered leaves and made a wreath
To place upon her brow.
Unbending trees she stood beneath;
No shrub a knee did bow.

She knelt to kiss a cool flower's face;
She cupped her hands and took—
And meanwhile said a fervent grace—
A long drink from a brook.

She sat upon its bank and shed
Wrought shoe and silken stocking.
A bird above her leaf-crowned head
Would not leave off his mocking.

A girdle rare, with wondrous care
All threaded thick with pearls,
She cast aside; unpinned her hair
And freed its netted curls.

She danced and sang. A kiss she threw
To calm white clouds which floated
As if they all her madness knew
And on her gladness doted.

In her bare hut, stood Hermit Kate,
And told her beads again
For youthful majesty who sate,
Denying youth, to reign.

The Queen's Shrift

The Queen returned, a tranquil mind,
With chastened mien, and solemn air.
Her maidens marveled much to find
At night, a green leaf in her hair.

FROM "SONGS FOR A MASK"

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

SWANHILD SINGS TO THE KNIGHT

WHAT shall I do with my heart
That will not go with thee,
Lover of mine, knight of mine, guide to the heights
afar?
There is a dream to follow
That will not let me be—
I must go down to the marshland's water, hiding from
wind and star!

What shall I do with thy heart
Seeking me without rest—
I who must strip all hands from me, guarding my steps
in fear?
Turn from the faery woodland, *
Pass to thy holy quest—
I must go seek for the track of the swan and the sound
of the step of the deer!

THE WATERFALL

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

HERE, where the eternal waters fling themselves,
Motion itself stands still. The flashing storm
Of change has wrought itself in changeless form,
Sculptured in white between the rocky shelves.

Over this ledge the centuries are hurled,
Fixed in one mighty instant; and all time
Sounds in a single multitudinous chime,
Here in a green cleft of the lonely world.

SIXTEEN

BY ELIZABETH HANLY

“GOOD-NIGHT,” my father says and winds the clock.

My mother smooths her work and lays it down,
And puts her thread and thimble in their place.
She folds my father's paper, “Coming, Ned,”
She calls to him and then she lifts my face
And kisses me. “Good-night, my dear,” she says,
I close my book and go upstairs to bed.

A little sweet wind makes my curtains sway,
A bar of moonlight lies along the spread.

Across the hall, I hear low voices say,
“I 'phoned about the milk. The gas-bill came to-day.”
The baby stirs and whimpers fretfully
And Mother comforts him, “Sh, sh, my dear,”
She croons; then whispers from my doorway, “Jean,
You're warm enough? How bright the moon is here!
Good-night.” A door shuts. Then the clock strikes
ten.

And everyone is fast asleep but me.

A motor-car purrs by and stops. I hear
Low laughter from the little house next door.

Then comes a pause and though I cannot see,
I know someone has just been kissed. And soon
"Good-night," again. The motor glides away.
Somebody whistles clearly down the street.
I lie here in my room that's bright as day,
My body white and still beneath the sheet,
My heart a mad thing underneath the moon.

FREESIA

BY THERESA HELBURN

THE freesia that you loved so well
Is here in hosts,
And from each slender ivory bell
Rise fragrant ghosts

Of grey dawns by the sea, that passed
In silent converse, starred with pain,
Moments too exquisite to last,
Or come again.

IN

BY BEATRICE RAVENEL

OUTSIDE is lonely; shut the door,"
He says, and bending quickly brings
The fire to a boyish roar.

Outside is full of friendly things:

Sighs intimate and leaf-caress,
The answering bosom of the gloom.
With all the heart of loneliness
Our hearts infect this prisoned room.

UNDER AUTUMN TREES

BY CHRISTINE TURNER CURTIS

THE wayside maples have put up
Their ruffled autumn parasols—
Chrome-yellow, like a buttercup,
And through the arching roof there falls
The softest, clear, translucent light
From daybreak to the brink of night.

And under every drooping tree
There is a little paven plat
Where the leaves, dripping dreamily,
Have made a crumpled golden mat;
A place of honey light and hush,
Where Life pauses in its rush—

And the long restlessness is done—
The race with the relentless years—
And past and future melt in one,
And the old sadness disappears—
And that estrangement we call death
Measures no longer than a breath.

The spirit is no more concerned
With Time, and all its moil and maze—
For she has found the door, and turned
Into the glad eternal ways;
And every treasure of her heart
Comes speeding from its realm apart.

AN APPLE EATER TO A COQUETTE

BY WILLIAM LAIRD

AH, let me be; go bend thine aim
On swifter bucks, on sprightlier game:
So may the love my boyhood set
On apples, rule my body yet.
Later, if thou shalt hear avow:
"Old Brown eats no more Apples, now!"
Remember me; omit the tear;
Lay Apple-blossoms on my bier.
Huntress and Queen, awhile forego
The breathless chase; reluctant, throw
Thy silver arrows clanging down,
And look thy envious last on Brown.

But when the kindly Autumn brings
To every place her pleasant things,
Then eat two Apples, blood and gold,
And set the close-gnawed cores in mould
Above my quiet grave, to grow
Two goodly trees, whose buds shall blow,
Whose fruit shall thud, through many a day,
On the turf, above my easy clay.

Then, having done the best by me,
Back, Huntress, to thine archery:
Again let field and woodland ring
With twanging of thine eager string.

THE COQUETTE TO THE APPLE-EATER

BY MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

APPLE-EATER, you proclaim
Such your character and name.
Why then show such scorn for these
Apples of Hesperides?
Two brown apple-seeds my eyes
Brought by Eve from Paradise.
Red and gold you own are fair;
Here are lips and burnished hair.
Yet you counsel me forsooth,
I should set a pensive tooth
In two apples (only two?),
And should eat, remembering you.
By the primal apple-tree
You shall eat, remembering me!

I have twisted apples down
E'en from Adam unto Brown.
Break the fruit, you'll see my power;
Hidden star that shows the flower.
You are not so old and staid!
Can it be that you're afraid
Of the sign we conquer by
Venus Victrix, Eve, and I?

FOUR WALLS

BY MARY MORSELL

THE four walls I had always known,
Grew close like prison bars;
I levelled them that I might live
Unbound save by the stars.

I levelled them with strong, glad strokes;
I worked untiringly,
As one who hews through virgin woods,
A vista toward the sea.

And when at last the walls lay low,
And earth and sea and sky
Were all that compassed me about,
Wild winds came rushing by.

In fear I hunted for the stones,
To build my wall again;
But they were gone, and mockingly,
Down poured the cold gray rain.

BROOMGRASS

BY BEATRICE W. RAVENEL

THE broomgrass glows with the sunset's fire
Long and long when the sky forgets,
Into the dusk like a hid desire,—
Purple of flame and of violets.

Rust of roses and roses' ashes.
Cold in the night, I can fancy still
Opals of glamour, remembering flashes!
When the swamp folk scratch on the window-sill

And ghost winds whisper, one to another,
Rain-sounding legends of waiting and dread;—
Brother huddled to little brother,
Wild things sleep warm in the broomgrass bed.

Ashes of roses and evening-glories,
Make me a lair at your smouldering core,
You that have hidden the sunsets' stories,
Bear with a broken secret more!

CERTAINTY

BY BEATRICE W. RAVENEL

I BREATHE your pity like enfolding air.
I know, because the blood-streaked dew
Has wrung my forehead, too,
In pity of your despair.

And that you died for me I knew
Because along that sorry way
I should have gone that day
And died for you.

THE SOUL'S GOODBYE

BY JOHN M. WARING

MY soul went out before the dawn, when stars were
in the sky,
The river rushed along its course, the night wind hurried by,
And bore upon its April breath the stag-hound's moaning cry.

I felt so free, so free—as from a burden loosed away,—
Alone, without, I heard what wind and river had to say,
One should be dead to understand such orators as they!

I came along the garden paths, so dark and damp with dew,
I thought of all within the house, but most of all of you,
Still wrapped in earthly veils, that I had thinned, and broken through.

I stopped beneath your window, in the turret of the Hall,—
And whispered low the little name I loved the best of all,
The little name, the childish name, they gave when you were small!

The Soul's Goodbye

And did you know that, passing out, it was to you I
came?

And did you hear, and did you hear that whispered
little name?

For sudden, through the lattice blind, I saw a candle
flame . . .

The wind rushed past your lattice, and the ivy tapped
again—

The sweetness of our friendship welled within my soul,
and then

I turned towards the starry road that is not known of
men!

BELLS OF ERIN

BY NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

EVENING bells of Erin,
From across the sea
Do I hear you ringing,
Bringing peace to me?

Bells of busy Dublin,
Through the jumbled sounds
Of the darkling city
Your deep jangling pounds.

Over Meath's green grassland
Comes your mingled tone
To ~~the~~ weary farmer
Working late, alone.

Famous bells of Shandon,
Steady, soft, and clear
Are the strokes you're striking,
Bells without a peer!

But the bells of Mallow
Ring within my heart
Heedless of unheeding sea
And two lands apart.

Bells of Erin

Again I see the Castle
And the sprawling town,
Muddy, racing river,
Meadow grass, unmown.

Evening bells of Erin,
From across the sea
One day shall you be ringing
Lasting peace for me?

COMFORT

BY MARGARET FRENCH PATTON

IF grief should come to me
Like a big wind bringing the rain,
Or if sorrow should cramp my heart
With its pain,

I know where my heart would turn,
As a battered flower to the sun,—
To your face—with its wrinkled smile—
And its fun.

HOME

BY BERENICE K. VAN SLYKE

THE smell of hot bread
With a gold-brown crust,
Cooling;
The gentle light of afternoon
Dozing upon the shining windowpanes;
The old rug whose faded threads
Melt into the brown scrubbed floor;
The tick of a clock
Above the sink;
An occasional faint plop of water
Dropping from the faucet.

A leaf floats to the dry grass;
The wind breathes;
The light softens,
Deepens,
Imperceptibly;
Upstairs the indeterminate sounds
Of human movement
Flutter the air:
Mother rising, vaguely as in a dream,
From her nap.
The quiet ripples away
From the staircase,

Home

Eddies into the corners of the kitchen
As she comes down;
Comes down
And parts the silence
As a stone parts the waters.

IN THE HALLWAY

BY LOUIS GINSBERG

THE hall is windy with the wings of dreams;
And as I hold you in this quiet place,
The darkness grows a benediction hushed
About the rapture of your lifted face!

From what sweet lyric did you blossom out?
From what old master's nocturne did you come?
How long did Leonardo trace your heart?
How many striving songs have faltered dumb?

A hush is brooding dimly at your lips.
You cling to me and let me hold you long.
You do not even murmur any word;
Your eyes are silence and your breath is song! . . .

The hall is windy with the wings of dreams;
They brush our hearts with fire till we start . . .
Your eyes are silence and your breath is song—
And thronging flames are crying through my
heart! . . .

THE SINGER EXULTS

BY SALOMON DE LA SELVA

I BRING to you no common gift,
Though dream-possessed and wonder-eyed;
I have but watched the hours sift
Between my fingers open wide.

I never clutched the instant sands
Of Time, have neither toiled nor spun,
And yet I come with richest hands
Now toil and spinning-time are done.

THE POET'S PATH

BY DANIEL HENDERSON

WHEN Chaucer sang—did he pursue
A mystic or exotic strain,
Not so! From folk he met he drew
His Canterbury train!

And Shakespeare of the deathless page—
What won him immortality?
Because he made our world his stage
He lives for you and me!

And Burns, his brief life madly spent,
Why does he sway us to this hour?
He voiced a ruined maid's lament!
He mourned a broken flower!

Ye who aspire to follow Song,
Spurn not the plain, broad path of art!
Walk with great poets through the throng
And feed the common heart!

BUBBLES

BY OSCAR C. WILLIAMS

I HAVE blown bubbles in the night,
So weary of the day was I!
Though flowers' dreams were petalled tight
And gold and blue had left the sky.

I have blown bubbles in the night
Though there were never eyes to see
My little, floating worlds alight
With black and silver witchery.

I have blown bubbles in the night
Though there were never hearts to mark
How one by one they touched the stars
And vanished in the sudden dark!

MIST

BY MARGIE POTTER

THE curving road gleams through the fog,
And beckons me;
Dim lucent mists wrap me about
In secrecy.

Oh, peopled loneliness! Oh, dreams!
Oh, world shut out!
Drawn swaying shades, hearts' fire within,—
Life's storm without!

The air is thick with crowding thoughts,
Like half-heard wings;
An uncaused bliss wakes in my soul
And waking sings.

Familiar lamps shine mist-transformed
Through ghostly trees;
And I walk rapt in exquisite
Lonely unease.

Hang low and hearten me, dim peace,—
Hang close and low;
Wrought to thine obscure ecstasy
I forth would go.

Mist

Oh, presence winged, unnamed, serene,
 Brood thou and shine;
Thy gray plumes shroud no earthly light,
 Thou bird divine!

PULVIS ET UMBRA

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

I AM but a dusty name
Blowing down a ruined stair,
I whose passion was a flame
Kindling all the windy air.

Veil my dreaming with a sigh.
Light is drowned in shadow's foam,
I, whose dream may never die,
Knew not when I wandered home.

REVELATION

BY LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

YOUTH slipped off me like a garment,
Fell away and left me free—
(Billowing cloak of many colors,
Youth was beautiful to see!)

Then slipped weight from off my shoulders,—
(Strange how heavy dreams may be!)—
And a trouble from my spirit,
Bruised and sore with honesty.

Then was torn the rainbow veiling
From my eyes that I might see.
Now I stand aghast, ecstatic,
Reaching for Reality.

THE TISSUE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

OTHERS make their poems of air,
Roses, dew, and song of birds,
Weaving all with dainty care,
In the magic web of words.

Such resources have I none,
Varied excellence of art.
Stuff for verse I've only one:
Throbbing tissue of my heart.

WHO

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THE long and melancholy wind
Blows over the salt sea;
It sounds like one whose soul has sinned
And never can get free.

And all our souls alike have sinned
And who shall set us free?
Oh, sombre, melancholy wind
And desolate, salt sea.

MY YOUTH

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

OH, my youth was hot and eager,
And my heart was burning, burning,
And the present joy seemed meagre,
Dwarfed by that perpetual yearning.

I was always madly asking
Ampler beauty, keener pleasure,
Had not wit enough for basking
In the sunshine, rich with leisure.

Now with ripeness of October
I have reasoned and reflected.
And I feed my soul, grown sober,
With the crumbs that I rejected.

BROWN LEAVES

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THE passage of dead leaves in spring
Is like the aged vanishing.
Amid the bustle and delight
Of beauty thronging sound and sight,
Their lengthened course we hardly know
Nor mark their exit when they go.
Yet through the burst of budding green
And blossoms rich with varied sheen
A brown leaf sometimes flutters by
And breeds a sombre revery.

THE DRONE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I MIGHT have been a worker, but I'm nothing but a drone.

I tell my idle stories in a philosophic tone.

In a fuzzy, spiny mantle of remoteness softly furled

I lie and watch with half-shut eyes the stupefying world.

And they bustle and they rustle with their self-consuming din.

And eager feet go hurrying out and tired feet come in.

Like Bottom, when they hear a sound they all must rush to see.

They're always running after life. I let it come to me.

EXPENSES

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I'M sick to death of money, of the lack of it, that is,
And of practising perpetually small economies;
Of paring off a penny here, another penny there,
Of the planning and the worrying, the everlasting care.

The savages went naked and no doubt digested fruit,
And when they longed for partridge all they had to do
was shoot.

But it may be Mrs. Savage was extravagant in paint
And all the little Savages made juvenile complaint.

"I want a bow like We-We's. I want a fine canoe.
I don't have half such dandy things as other fellers do."
And Mrs. Savage quite agreed it was an awful shame.
So Mr. Savage sighed about expenses just the same.

THE DAINTY VIRTUE

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

SHE fled me through the meadow,
She fled me o'er the hill.
With such a fling she fled, oh,
She may be flying still.

But doubtless she grew weary
By thicket or by wood.—
A dainty virtue, dearie,
That fled when none pursued.

ROUSSEAU

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THAT odd, fantastic ass, Rousseau,
Declared himself unique.
How men persist in doing so,
Puzzles me more than Greek.

The sins that tarnish whore and thief
Beset me every day.
My most ethereal belief
Inhabits common clay.

GOD

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

DAY and night I wander widely through the wilder-
ness of thought,
Catching dainty things of fancy most reluctant to be
caught.
Shining tangles leading nowhere I persistently unravel,
Tread strange paths of meditation very intricate to
travel.

Gleaming bits of quaint desire tempt my steps beyond
the decent.
I confound old solid glory with publicity too recent.
But my one unchanged obsession, wheresoe'er my feet
have trod,
Is a keen, enormous, haunting, never-sated thirst for
God.

BED-TIME

BY RALPH M. JONES

I MIND, love, how it ever was this way:
That I would to my task; and soon I'd hear
Your little fluttering sigh, and you would say,
"It's bed-time, dear."

So you would go and leave me at my work;
And I would turn to it with steady will,
And wonder why the room had grown so dark,
The night so chill.

Betimes I'd hear the whisper of your feet
Upon the stair; and you would come to me,
All rosy from your dreams, and take your seat
Upon my knee.

"Poor, tired boy!" you'd say. But I would miss
The lonely message of your eyes, and so
Proffer the hasty bribery of a kiss,
And let you go.

But now, dear heart, that you have scaled the stair
To that dim chamber far above the sun,
I fumble with my futile task, nor care
To get it done.

Bed-Time

For all is empty since you said good-night
 (So spent you were, and weary with the day!)
And on the hearth the ashes of delight
 Lie cold and gray.

Ah, sweet my love, could I but wish you down
 In that white raiment which I know you wear;
And hear once more the rustle of your gown
 Upon the stair;

Could I but have you, drowsily-sweet, to say
 The tender little words that once I knew—
How gaily would I put my work away
 And go with you.

AFTER SORROW

BY WINIFRED WELLES

MY heart can't break, but closes like a flower
That waits in windless places for the day—
Until the arrowy dawn finds some swift way
To pierce its paleness with a gleaming hour.

And when at last I look without offense
Through windows and in mirrors that were yours,
The stranger shadow in them reassures
My heart that it has learned indifference.

So hour and hour and hour and dark and light
Go rustling slowly by as women do,
Trailing complacence in a silken dress.

Until, crying with loneliness some night,
I wake from that old dream of losing you
To find my hands closed tight on emptiness.

WINTER FLOWERS

BY EFFIE BANGS WARVELLE

DRIED stems of asters
And goldenrod once gay,
The zero wind is playing
With you this winter day.

White, white are the snowfields,
The hills are purple blue,
But even your little shadows
Are brighter now than you.

And yet, frail ghosts of asters
And saddened goldenrod,
How willingly your green souls crept
Back to the kindly sod!

SNOW

BY C. S. HUNTINGTON

THERE is a time of snow in all adventure,
A space of whiteness, and of quiet, shutting in,
There is a winter, not of life—but thinking,
That with its lack of blossoms gives us grace,
That in its silent tide of patience
Will cleanse our thoughts as all the fields are clean.

There is a waiting, blanketed with musing
Before the spring can turn through shining rain.
We must be quiet and hide away our blunders,
Receive the smoothing cover of repose,
And in the passionless and clear, chill ether,
Fill with untainted breath our burning souls.

STRESS OF SNOW

BY CHARLES R. MURPHY

COME up the hill and listen to the snow;
The trees will snare it in their branches for you,
The almost enunciating trees;
And the uttering wind will nudge you,
Once, again, and thrice,
Then rest on the flat air,
Calm with the stillness of unfallen snow.
And the voice of the snow? What is it?
It is neither the wind,
Nor the trees,
Yet they are part of it.
Be still and listen now;
Here is the first faint drifting of the snow.
For us who believe in it it's hard
To make you feel a thing we cannot tell;
For the voice has never spoken words,
Yet there is a murmuring in our hearts,
And when we come to sequestered crannies of the
world,
Or mount to hilltops like this one of ours
To have a spell of listening,
All that we can say is that we somehow
Make annotations to an unseen text.
Give me your hand; we'll stand here under the trees

Stress of Snow

And watch the grey ousst every sharper light
And the first soft impinging of delicate flakes,
Feel the upgathered wind set free again
And the lunging trees rock to our very feet;
Wince at our blinded vision, and have our blood
Fevered with the tumult of the snow.
Do you shiver?
Is this different from your land?
I know some who suffer anguish at this point
And say when there's no juncture to the sky
And earth that their souls's blind and panic-struck
And dumb, and that these clustering flakes
Grapple at their heart—
Would bow their drooping soul,
Like a bent stressed twig, earthward
Under this white annulment of the snow.
But I think they are mistaken;
The voice of the snow itself does not say this—
And I will not have you think it.
Hark, the wind is failing—feel its lessening sting;
The flakes are loitering, they lapse,
And you can see the steel-blue woods,
And far off against the blackening sky,
The smoothed-off sinews of the hills.
Something here there is that calls for acceptance—
Urges the upright breasting of the storm,
Urges the upgathering
Of all the brunt of its every bitter sting
And the hurt loneliness of its aftermath—

Stress of Snow

Urges to make one with yourself
The lifeless rigidity of earth,
The unrelenting night
And menace of the impalpable cold—
Urges the gesture of wide open arms
That is but an intimation
Of your own soul's amplitude,
Wide as the acquiescence of the snow . . .
And what if there were an issue to all this
That leads beyond the frontiers of the snow
To frankness of new skies?
What if in the banishment of death
We meet the ambushed confirmation of our dream?
And find
That death is when you challenge all of life?
Shall we then dread the solace of the snow?
And if we cannot follow this dim leading,
The snow still is not unkind;
For it isolates our human love,
And leaves us two alone in a great white world,
You and I, alone, and with us love
And the amplitude of soul I'd roof you with;
My soul, like a hand's palm enclosing you,
And its first faint touches, like the white flowers of
the snow,
That melt in anguish against your loveliness—
My love relentless as the night,
Undesisting as the completed storm,
Quiet as the white breast of earth,

Stress of Snow

Warm as the candid ardency of snow
Consecrate with the innocence of you. . . .

Suppose we don't think any more?
You haven't found the storm so very harsh?
Your cheeks are glowing and your eyes are calm;
What if your toes are cold?
We'll warm them now—
We'll scamper down the frozen hill,
And storm the darkened house and light it up,
And give a quick release to patient logs,
And sit close by, and think how it may be
Out in the crisp and tinkling night—
And we'll be drowsy, and keep safe and warm
Within us the simplicities of snow.

STORIES

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

THE wind is a finger on the pane,
The firs a cloak across the snows,
The moon a lantern down the lane,
Where an old witch-woman goes;
But here the firelights dance and lie,
And up from the hearth the great sparks fly:
While the cat hums sleepily.

Gather you close and round your ear
To nurse's voice old and slow,
While nurse's nose makes a shadow queer
On the wall where the fireflames glow.
Stretched at their ease the two dogs snore,
From the big brown bear skin on the floor:
And our hair stirs creepily.

. . . Hist, hark! . . . A crackling spark—
The cat hums sleepily.

On winter nights, they say, they say,
When everyone is fast asleep,
The forest dances a rare gambade
To a tune the small stars keep,

Stories

And all the pine trees, unafraid,
Sway in a limb-locked black charade
Down the hillside steep, so steep,
The shadowy hillside steep.

O then, if one has eyes to see,
There follows the quaintest mystery,
But should one tell, why then, why well,
They'd turn one into a fairy bell,
Or the bole of an old oak tree.
. . . Hist, hark! Just a spark—
A little man, with cap of red,
And horn-brown lamp of glow-worm light,
An elfin porter, I've heard said,
Comes out and peers around the night,
And then, as sudden as rain drops quite,
The forest rustles overhead:
Rustles, and shivers, and laughs, and is still,
And out from thicket, and out from hill,
With an echo of horse and a tinkle of horn,
And glittering spears of a half inch thorn,
Rides a fairy hunt, as sure as you're born.
With 'Morte Halloa!' and a 'Harke Away'
The night is filled with tumult gay;
But save you're possessed of the keenest of ears,
You'd think it the crinkle of ice, my dears.
Way in the front is a tiny shape:
Breath of my body, a fairy ape!
No, it's a spider! No, it's a bear!
As small as the round black seed of a pear!

Stories

And O how it roars as it bustles and bounds
From the very jaws of the fairy hounds.
Down the valley, and everywhere;
Up the hillside, far and near,
With a silver call and a faint fanfare,
And a 'Ride him down!' and a 'Lend me your spear!'
Till suddenly, thrice, and loud, and clear,
A cock crows into the frosty air,
And the little man with cap of red,
Waves his lantern above his head.
So . . . ! Then one by one the stars turn white:
Then, cloaked and sandaled, through the night,
Before you know it, in cowl of gray,
Strides the bearded palmer day.
The forest is still, but the old black oak
Stir in their sleep and chuckle and choke.
. . . . Hist! Hark! What was that?
Hu-ush! Hu-ush! Only the cat.

DARKNESS

BY KATHARINE WISNER MCCLUSKEY

WHEN waking in the hollow dark,—
A microscopic me!—
Both eyes are pasted shut with fear
Of something I might see.

But when a floor or wall rips out
A curse or threat or cry,
My eyeballs leap out in the night
As up my eyelids fly.

And then my eyes go wandering,
Hoping to find a star,
But if they do, its very small,
And very faint and far.

They try to reach horizon's edge;
They ache as on they plod;
They only want a limit,
A something less than God!

But when there is a breath or stir
Of someone in a bed,
A comfortable, human sound,
They go to sleep instead.

SONGS FOR PARENTS

BY JOHN CHIPMAN FARRAR

WISH

A FROG'S a very happy thing,
Cool and green in early spring,
Quick and silver through the pool
With no thought of books or school.

Oh, I want to be a frog—
Sunning, stretching on a log,
Blinking there in splendid ease,
Swimming naked when I please,

Nosing into magic nooks,
Quiet marshes, noisy brooks—
Free! and fit for anything—
Oh, to be a frog in spring!

A COMPARISON

A PPLE blossoms look like snow,
They're different, though.
Snow falls softly, but it brings
Noisy things:
Sleighs and bells, forts and fights,
Cosy nights.

Songs For Parents

But apple blossoms when they go,
White and slow,
Quiet all the orchard space
Till the place
Hushed with falling sweetness, seems
Filled with dreams.

PARENTHOOD.

THE birches that dance on the top of the hill
Are so slender and young that they cannot keep
still.

They bend and they nod at each whiff of a breeze,
For you see they are still just the children of trees;

But the birches below in the valley are older,
They are calmer and straighter and taller and colder,
Perhaps when we're grown up as solemn and grave,
We, too, will have children that do not behave.

THE WIND-GODS

BY PERCIVAL ALLEN

WE fight the Wind-gods, Mike and I,
The Wind-gods blustering from the sky,
For, as we shake the city street,
The Wind-gods and our engine meet.

Then, when I let her out, there comes
A roaring like a thousand drums,
The Wind-gods singing in our ears,
Stinging our straining eyes to tears.

Across the flats, while gaining head,
You think you have the Wind-gods dead,
But when night crowds along the sky
You come to where the Wind-gods lie,

And strike the cut and climb the hill
While all around grows cold and chill,
Then suddenly the Wind-gods leap
Upon you as you skyward creep,

While every throbbing rod and wheel,
And every ounce of pushing steel
Are straining up to gain the crest,
Against the sullen Wind-gods pressed.

The Wind-Gods

Mike swings the door and then the light
Leaps out upon the driving night,
And shows the roll of twisting clouds
That leave the stack like sooty shrouds.

The Wind-gods toss the sparks up high,
Like stars against the moving sky;
Ahead the golden puddles shine
Lit by the headlight on the line,

And up we climb and all the while
The fight we're winning mile by mile.
Watching the lightning strike the rail
And break into a silver hail.

We reach the level of the crest
The Wind-gods for a moment rest,
And then they follow whistling shrill
As down the grade we coast the hill,

Mike shouts across the cab to me,
"They ain't what they're cracked up to be,
I'll give 'em credit, they fought hard!"—
Then 'cross the switches in the yard

The coaches rattle as we slow,
And all those sleepers never know
How Mike and I along the route
Tired the howling Wind-gods out.

THE CHOOSING

BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

A STERN-LIPPED angel stranger lays hold upon
my hand;
He leads me out with Lot, my spouse, across the pallid
sand
With the handful of The Righteous for whom the Lord
will stand,
Culled from merry Sodom and Gomorrah.

The Righteous! The Righteous!
Their eyes are bleak and bright
They hunger after grace by day
And thirst for it by night.
They love a chill Jehovah
Who is pitiless to smite
All save The Righteous! The Righteous!

Across the arid desert in the tender, new-born day,
Away from mirth and melody which august wrath will
slay,
Away from sleeping Sodomites, the friendly and the
gay,
And the pleasant wicked in Gomorrah!

The Choosing

Across the parching desert they are leading me in
haste,
Away from green and growing things toward a
trackless waste,
From the merry Sodom sinner, forsaken and disgraced,
And the pleasant wicked in Gomorrah!

The Righteous! The Righteous!
Their feet are fleet with fear.
They speed with eyes that strain ahead.
And yet they pant to hear
The scalding rain of brimstone
On the cities they held dear;
Such be The Righteous! The Righteous!

Now I was born a Righteous and The Righteous are
my kin,
And gates of bliss shall open wide to welcome me
within,
Yet Sodom sinners are my friends, so I love sin,
And the pleasant wicked in Gomorrah!

The Righteous! The Righteous!
My tears will make me blind.
My tears are salt upon my lip.
I cannot leave behind
To sear in lonely brimstone
The merry and the kind.
Saving my soul with The Righteous!

The Choosing

Pale Lot and august Abraham . . . the awful-
angel guide . . .

I work my fingers from his grasp . . . and now I
slip aside . . .

The sky is red with Righteous Wrath, but I would
rather bide

With the pleasant wicked in Go——

MRS. SENATOR JONES

BY ELLIOTT C. LINCOLN

"The —— Bridge Club met at the home of Mrs. —— on Wednesday last. Mrs. Senator Tom Jones, a pioneer of —— County, made high score, the prize being a pair of silk stockings."

Item from the society column of any weekly paper in the North-west

WOULD you tell an old pal, Mrs. Senator Jones,
If the stuff that he's reading is true?
Was something wrong with the dealer's box
That the bank paid nothing but four-bit sox
To her that was Boston Lou?

Now honestly, didn't you grin at yourself,
Sitting in at that ladylike game?
Did you think of the days when chips was few?
Did the cards behave like they used to do?
Did a full house look the same?

Remember the night, down at Timothy's place
When you emptied your poke on the black,
An' the wheel spun round, an' it left you broke,
An' you laughed as if it was all a joke,
An' you slapped old Tim on the back?

Mrs. Senator Jones

Remember the smoke, an' the dealer's drone,
An' the click of the ivory ball?
The big game running on day an' night,
With twenty thousand, gold, in sight,
And the hush when a man would call?

Ain't there plenty of times, Mrs. Senator Jones,
When the looking-glass shows you're, well, plump,
That something pulls at you from the Past,
Till you have to talk pretty loud an' fast
To keep down that rising lump?

Say, Lou, when you feel it's a mighty big job
Living up to that "Senator" stuff,
Jest remember the old gang's kind of proud
To have Lou one of the top-notch crowd;
Set your teeth, keep a-fighting—an' bluff!

THE LAST SPEECH OF SILENT SAM

BY JOHN T. TROTH

DO I remember Silent Sam?
Say, who'd forget a guy
That never spoke no more'n a clam
Till when he come to die!
It's fourteen year since St. Cassien
First lamped that noisy gink,
An' he never cracked his jaws, but when
He'd crook his arm to drink!

You reckon'd he was livin' still!
Say, Pal, are you all right?
Why all the way to Rocky Spill
Men tell about that night!
Say, grab that coyote-eared Canuck,
And stand me to a dram,
And hear how righteous anger bruk
The fast of Silent Sam.

'Twas in old square-head Jason's hell;—
The old Elite Saloon:
'Twas Sunday night, bad luck, as well,
An' the thirteenth day o' June:

The Last Speech of Silent Sam

And every cussed lumber-jack
For twenty mile aroun',
From St. Pierre to Pied-du-Lac,
Had dragged his thirst to town!

Outside the night hung thick as fat,
Inside 'twas bright as day;
Behind the old pianner sat
MacGregor from Beaupré,—
With Jean Ladoux a' fiddlin' fast
Enough to break a trace:
And all the boys was sittin', massed
About the dancin' space.

There was old "Fi-donc" an' Gun-shy Jim,
(The one that knifed Duneen)
Big Voix-du-Loup, an' Six-toed Slim,
And some I never seen.
Poor Silent Sam, blear-eyed an' gone,
Sat soppin' up the "stuff,"
A' scribblin' po'try, written' on
His frayed an' dirty cuff.

The dancers scraped across the floor;
The music banged an' whined:
But he never turned a hair, no more
Than if he was deaf an' blind!
The lamps flared up, the blue smoke swam,
It eddied, ducked, an' curved;
And through it Désirée Laflamme
Ole Jason's whiskey served.

The Last Speech of Silent Sam

Where she came from, nobody knew;—
Just one of Jason's girls:
With pretty ways, and eyes grey-blue,
And sunny, tangled curls.
You know the kind! And yet, she seemed,
In some perplexin' way,
Clean different from the rest, that schemed
To nab the fellers' pay.

The sight of her brought to your mind
All queer, an' dim, an' blurred,
Forgotten things left far behind,
You'd seen, or felt, or heard.
She didn't look like she was part
Of that there rough-neck crowd;
You felt, somehow, she had a heart,
And her greeting left you proud!

She treated all us "jacks" the same;
We called her "Jason's Wine":
A million times I've left the game
To watch her beauty shine
Like some bright vision, to an' fro'
Beneath the smoke-blued light:
But her sweetness seemed to overflow
And flood the room, that night!

The dancers scraped across the floor,
The music banged and whined:
When, all at once, the open door
Shut with a slam, behind

The Last Speech of Silent Sam

Two "forty-eights" that searched the room
With their circlin' bead on us,
An' back o' them, with the face of doom,
Stood a touchy-lookin' cuss!

The dancin' stopped! Our hands uprose
A' drippin' cards an' chips:
An' Sam's good drinkin' fist was froze
Just halfway to his lips!
The music choked, an' died away;—
A spell seemed on the place!
Only the lights flared up, to play
Upon the stranger's face!

His eyes shot straight where Désirée
Stood starin', lips apart:
One white hand held her little tray,
The other clutched her heart!
"You *fooled* me, eh? You think you're free!"
The snarlin', black lips said:
"You're free to choose,—this *dump*, or me;—
But if you stay, it's *dead*!"

A second ticked;—we held our breaths:
Then snapped her answer "Shoot!
"I'd rather die a hundred deaths
With men, than serve a brute!"
Then some one surged across the floor!
Things happened lightnin' fast!
A scream! a shot,—an' then a score!
The spell was broke at last!

The Last Speech of Silent Sam

And when the smoke had cleared away
One corpse enhanced the scene:
But, with his back to Désirée,
Swayed Silent Sam, drilled clean!
He clutched the bar,—it seemed to each
As if the stranger's lead
Had touched the spring of long-pent speech,
For this is what Sam said:

“What this fizz-bang was,—wrong, er right,
We neither know nor care!
The p'int is, every man, this night,
His love-debt did forswear!
An' if there is a God on high,
Well, He don't give a damn
For dogs that lacked the guts to die
For Désirée Laflamme!”

He glared at us a minute, then
His face went ashen grey;
But no pain was writ upon it when
He smiled at Désirée!
An' then Sam sort o' crumpled up,—
She caught him as he fell:
And each man, like a beaten pup,
Slunk out,—an' Slim said “Hell!”

* * *

Right where the settin' sun last gleams
On wind-swept Golden Butte

The Last Speech of Silent Sam

We buried him: wrapped in their dreams
The other graves lie mute,
But Sam speaks plain, without reserve,
And tells us, twice each day,
How we sat bluffed, and lacked the nerve
To draw for Désirée!

I used to smoke, an' watch the jam
Of logs below the flume,
An' try to figger out what Sam
Still muttered from his tomb:
What was the "love-debt" we'd forsworn?
Who was *I* owin' to?
Why, I'd played straight since I was born!
Then, all at once, I knew!

He meant the debt no man can square,
The debt that grows and grows!
That for his mother's tender care
Each man forever owes.
So, Pal, here's hopin' if, some day
Some Désirée Laflamme
Has need of you or me, we'll pay
Our debt like Silent Sam!

THE OLD GODS MARCH

BY LEYLAND HUCKFIELD

THE grim gods of the past have arisen,
The black swamps throb and the mountains boom
And the dust from their iron-sandalled feet
Shrouds the sun in a blood-red gloom:
Out of the Northern mountain passes
Flame the banners and glare the swords,
The old gods march from their wild morasses
The old gods march with their ancient hordes,
With scarlet banners and songs of death;
From marshes white with the bitter brine
The boar-herds gather, the wolf-clans whine
Till the land is foul with their streaming breath:
And the old gods bellow, the old gods roar,
And the hills shake and the grey seas rave,
For the old gods march with a thundering tread
Whose echoes thrill in the nether wave,
Shaking the bones of a myriad dead
As in red days of yore.

Glare of torches in dead men's eyes
And black nights lit by towns aflare,
And things of horror and claws that tear,
And reeking rivers that bloodily rise
To the old gods' tempest blare.

The Old Gods March

Banners black with the blood and smoke
High in the eddyng battle van,
And great swords red with the murder-stroke,
And torches aflame as the night comes on—
For the old gods march in the shape of man,
The old gods march—sweet days are done—
The fires of home or the fires of hate?
There is no choice in the wide world—none—
But we must stand where the old gods tread,
In ranks of steel, and steady and grim
Chanting the sweet, wild battle-hymn
That the old gods hate and dread.

LIFE AS A GAGE YOU FLUNG

BY JOHN PIERRE ROCHE

THERE in an alien land
Lie quietly,
Alien no longer now
For you and me.
Fragrant the thoughts of you,
Rare was your soul;
Life as a gage you flung,
Facing the goal.

Life as a gage you flung,
Flung as a rose;
Gave it as gentry do
Gladly to those
Who gave their glowing youth
Gladly as you.
Live in the heart of me—
I gave you, too.

LARGESS

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

NOW Death has done its final violence,
Let us with tearless, fearless eyes compute
This last, earth-rendered score, and so salute
With equal largess his munificence.
Youth was a thing to spend; with lavish hand
He scattered this incalculably fine
And precious coinage, meeting with divine
Extravagance each miserly demand.

Shall we, in this ungenerous moment, wrung
By selfish pity, hoard him in some dim,
Grief-guarded chamber of the heart's distress?
Nay! Rather cast his name like gold among
Those laughter-loving ones who lived by him,
That they may never know his emptiness.

A PRAYER

BY WILLIAM LAIRD

LORD, make my childish soul stand straight
To meet the kindly stranger, Fate;
Shake hands with elder brother, Doom,
Nor bawl, nor scurry from the room.

WESTWARD

BY WILLIAM LAIRD

WESTWARD the Happy Islands hide
Where the Greeks knew their heroes went
To take their hire for toil, and bide
Remembering much, in all content.

And if folk-phrases still hold truth—
Strong meat within a warding rind—
Out of our war, the chosen youth
Pass west, and walks amongst their kind.

Their elder brethren there, I think,
Change tale for tale with manly joy;
And iron names pass over the drink:
Verdun—Propontis—Aisne—Marne—Troy.

Ulysses scans the tangled lines
A sapper draws, of trench and bridge;
And laughs to hear of burrowing mines
That cleared and won a bloody ridge.

Jason, hearing from sailor men
Terse, salty gossip of the Fleet,
Feels in his fist an oar again,
Argo leaping under his feet.

Westward

And one who breathed of middle air
And died in flight—at ease upon
A wind-befriended hillock there,
Holds converse with Bellerophon.

Folk-phrases still hold truth: their clay—
Shell-smashed, gas-livid—left behind,
Our mother takes and uses: They
Pass west, and walk amongst their kind.

GEE-UP DAR, MULES

BY EDWIN FORD PIPER

HE stood up in our khaki with the poise
Of perfect soldiership beneath the praise
Of the French officer. We caught the words,
"Conspicuous courage," "bringing wounded in,"
And "decorated with the cross of war."

Black-faced? Yes, just a nigger. Nine months since
He drove a span of bony cotton mules,
And never had been out of Jasper County
In Georgia, U. S. A.

They drafted him,
Shipped him to barracks, broke him into drill;
It was a changeling's life. I saw the lad
After his first three days in cantonment;
He had just finished polishing his teeth,—
Novel achievement, and he swung the brush
With beat ecstatic, chanting joyously:

"Lordy, lordy, got a toothbresh,
Lordy, lordy, got a toothbresh,
Lordy, lordy, got a toothbresh,
And I'll go to heaven on a-high!"

Perhaps he sings now of the service medal,
Or of some other meager badge or symbol

Gee-Up Dar, Mules

Out of that rich and shattering experience
Hurled round his simple soul. With hasty hand,
Life sweeps a loaded vivifying brush
Over his old dull past.

And yet, I like
To think he will come back to Jasper County;
I pictured him in patched and faded denims;
Over the wagon wheel he mounts the seat,
Evens the lines so the lead team won't jerk,
Then all together the four nervous mules
Will straighten tugs, dig in their toes, and pull.
She shakes, she creaks, she rolls!

"Gee-up dar, mules!"

"General Foch is a fine old French,
He puts us niggers in a front line trench;
The barb-wire down, and the barrage begun,—
Boche see a nigger, and the Boche he run,

O po' mourner!

You shall be free

When the good Lord sets you free!

"O, I hitched up the mules, and the mules worked fine;
I hitched 'em to that Hinnenburg line,
I drewed her back till I snagged her on the Rhine,
An' the boss come along, and he give me my time.

O po' mourner!

You shall be free

When the good Lord sets you free.

Gwan-n, mules! Gee-up dar, mules!"

THE DRAFTED MOUNTAINEER SALUTES

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

THE high and silent hills are part of him;
He knows the creek-bed road, the tug and sway
Of pines above the mountain's windy rim,
Touch of the dawn and dusk. His unmarked day
He used to spend working the rusty ground
Beside his hut, or drowsing at the door;
Few words he had for men—the peaks around
Gave him companionship and something more.
Here in the narrow camp he can not find
His world; orders and uniform are strange;
He tries to learn, but is too slow, too blind.
With distance and the sleeping skies, to change,
When he salutes—for all the noise, the crowd,
It is as if a hill had strangely bowed.

SEKHMET, THE LION-HEADED*

BY LEONORA SPEYER

IN the dark night I heard a purring,
Near me something was stirring.

A voice, deep-throated, spoke:

I litter armies for all easts and wests
And norths and souths:
They suckle my girl-goddess breasts,
And my fierce milk drips from their mouths.

The voice sang:

I do not kill! I, Sekhmet the Lion-headed, I!
But between my soft hands they die.

I asked:

O Sekhmet, Lion-headed one,
How long shall warring be?

And Sekhmet deigned to make reply:

Eternally!

*Egyptian Goddess of War and Strife.

Sekhmet, the Lion-Headed

Bold in my faith I grew:

Dread goddess-cat, you liel
Warring shall cease!
My God of love is greater far
Than you!

How gentle was the voice of Sekhmet then:

He of the Star?
He Whom they called the Prince of Peace—
And slew?
And slew again—and yet again?—
Ah yes!—she said.

And all about my bed
The night grew laughing-red:
Sekhmet I did not see,
But in that bleeding dusk I heard
That Sekhmet purred.

THE TAKING OF BAGDAD

BY KADRA MAYSI

HAD you taken Rome of story, you had taken
pomp and glory;

Had you taken Codrus' Athens, where the broken
marbles gleam,

You had taken all the beauty of Ionia for your duty—
Where you took the courts of Bagdad, there you took
the courts of dream!

Did the sacred pave, I wonder, break before a genii
thunder

Underneath the cursèd marching of the Christians in
the street?

When the muezzins are calling, while the eastern dusk
is falling,

Do you smell the orange blossoms and Damascus
roses sweet?

Are there veiled, averted faces which you pass in
sheltered places

With a heavy scent of attar and a sheen of cloth-of-
gold?

Have you found a caliph's chalice in some minaretted
palace,

Or the key to mosque and chamber such as
Scherezade told?

The Taking of Bagdad

Under olive groves enchanted, where the date and fig
are planted,

Do you follow as the byways of the secret gardens
lead?

Where the nightingales are singing and the blazing
pheasants winging,

Have you found, bewitched, a princess hid in a
pomegranate seed?

Had you broken Persia's pinions, when the satraps
sent their minions

To the westward of the Iran for an empire supreme,
You had taken all the splendour of which Asia was the
vender—

When you took the courts of Bagdad, then you took
the courts of dream!

BETRAYAL AND ABSOLUTION

BY O. R. HOWARD THOMSON

I

GOD pardon me! While cannon spit and roar,
And dying men sob in their agony
I am athirst, e'en as I was of yore,
For draughts of beauty's cleansing ecstasy.
Nature's fair loveliness, that, like a glass,
Mirrors the power that animates all space,
Strikes in my breast strange chords, that sing and pass,
Leaving me breathless with an upturned face,
Held by the white clouds' fleecy argosies.
I am seduced by choirs on outstretched wings;
Intrigued by perfumes of the orchard trees;
Slave to the dark wood's Pan-born murmurings
And to the wind-flowers on the grassy knoll
God pardon me; but Beauty snares my soul!

II

Yet beauty is the leaven that makes sweet
The world, that else had nought to show but pain,
Moving amidst us on her sandaled feet
With healing such as comes of April rain.
Unheralded, unhymned, she whispers to her own,

Betrayal and Absolution

With voice like softly fingered psaltery,
Her silver veil, a moment, backward thrown
To comfort us in our great misery;
That we may catch, through looking on her face,
Some hint of that, beyond the outmost stars,
Which transcends boundaries of time and space
And frees the soul of its material bars:
Timeless and ageless; the locked door and the key;
The answer sought; the unsolved mystery!

CANDLE FAMINE IN PARIS

BY LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

“CANDLE Famine in Paris” the clipping read,
And I forgot the paper and saw instead
A dim, old French Cathedral, in the far, first week of
war,

Lit by candle and taper, and by a strand of sunlight
A-slant on the knee-worn floor.

 (“Candle Famine in Paris”
 Is a light and flickering name.
 These words are spun of a delicate gold
 Which is kin to a candle’s flame.
 For who could say in dark words
 That Paris lacks for light,
 When all of France is a flaming torch
 Held up to meet the night?)

The Cathedral was darkened with women who knelt
 to nichéd Saints,
And told anew on silent beads the ancient wartime
 plaints.
Some were old and their beads slipped slow—
Some were young for the ancient woe—
But in the dusk and the silence, each woman as she
 came

Candle Famine in Paris

Lighted a tall, white taper and her prayer went up in
flame.

Each woman left a candle there

And every candle was a prayer.

Each one lighted her taper from the flame of the one
before,

Till separate prayers were merged in one—and that
for France at war.

Month and year the war went on, and day and night.

The edict then went out to use no other light.

They took the candles to live by, for common what
was divine.

All Paris was a Cathedral, and every home a shrine.

Now there is famine in Paris;

Famine of light in Paris;

In radiant, wartime Paris

The lesser lights are out.

What need of candles in Paris when day itself is there?

What need of lighted tapers when daily life is prayer?

And candles would give but a flickering light

At the feet and the head

Of the men who are dead

In the fields of France at night.

("Candle Famine in Paris")

Is a light and flickering name.

These words are spun of a delicate gold

Which is kin to a candle's flame.

Candle Famine in Paris

For who could say in dark words
That Paris lacks for light,
When all of France is a flaming torch
Held up to meet the night?)

IT IS NOT STRANGE

BY WITTER BYNNER

IT is not strange, yet it is ever strange,
This host of angels waiting in the air
Far as the utmost rim and range
Of thought and unimaginable love.

The soft wing of a dove
In flight is strange, yet is not strange.
Nor is the heart more strange that leaps and flies away
Beyond the touch of hunter and of clay.

O let no hunter come to snare
The heart and clip
Its wings! Hunters are visible who trap a bird.
But hunters go unseen, unheard,
Go stalking ever with a care
To catch the heart,
To shut it up apart
From love and the free air . . .

O therefore let your hearts look high and slip
And range
Far as the utmost rim of love,
Till they have felt the unimaginable change
And are themselves the angels in the air!

PEACE

BY FRANCES DICKENSON PINDER

PEACE!—

What roof could house the glory of the word—
What walls encompass its infinity?
I ran beneath the open sky and heard
The challenge of its glad divinity
Break in a silver surf against the stars!

And then, athwart the silence, like a song
Across still waters when the wind's asleep,
I heard the happy Dead's pale legions throng,
Chanting of victory, as deep calls to deep—
Out where Life's last sweet gate of love unbars! . . .
And knelt, and knew the world-heart kneeling, too,
In dumb thanksgiving too profound for prayer,
Until with ecstasy it overflowed
And flung joy, like red roses, on the air,
While Dawn trod out the scattered torch of Mars!

THIS SOLDIER GENERATION

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

WE are the sons of disaster,
Deserted by gods that are named,
Thrust in a world with no master,
Our altars prepared but unclaimed,
Wreathed with the blood-purple aster,
Victims, foredoomed, but untamed.

Behold, without faith we are fashioned,
Bereft the assuaging of lies.
Thirsty for dreams we have passioned
Yet more for truth that denies.
Aware that no powers compassioned
We have grown very lonely and wise.

Leisure we loved and laughter,
Our portion is labor and pain,
For home we are given a rafter
Of storm and a lintel of rain,
And all that our hearts followed after
Is taken and naught doth remain.

Yet never a new generation
But shall live by the battles we fight
And prosper of our immolation

This Soldier Generation

And reap of our anguish delight.
Accepting the great abnegation,
We are fathers, not children, of light.

Bruised with the scourges of sorrow,
Broke with the terrible rod,
Bidden for respite to borrow
A poppy-red swarthe of the sod,
Yet this is our hope: that tomorrow
Will yield of our strivings—God.

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX TO POETS REPRESENTED

ALLEN, PERCIVAL. A Philadelphian, engaged in banking. The poem here quoted was specially admired by John Masefield.

The Wind-Gods.

ANDERSON, DOROTHY (Mrs. Philip B. Hoge). Has led a wandering existence as the daughter of a naval officer. Has appeared principally in C. V.

A Revenant.

My Soul is a Moth.

BAKER, KARLE WILSON. Mrs. Baker is the author of a volume entitled "Blue Smoke" and a contributor to leading magazines, notably *The Yale Review*. Born at Little Rock, Arkansas; now living in Nacogdoches, Tex.

Three Poems—

I Love the Friendly Faces of Old Sorrows.

Death the Highwayman.

Morning Song.

BARRETT, WILTON AGNEW. A graduate of Pennsylvania now resident in New York. Contributor to magazines and author of a volume.

A Dead Man.

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

BENET, WILLIAM ROSE. Now assistant editor of the Book Section of *The New York Evening Post*. Widely known as a poet both in magazines and in some four volumes of lyrics and narratives.

The Push-Cart.

BIRD, STEPHEN MOYLAN. A native of Galveston. Died in West Point Military Academy January 1, 1919, at the age of twenty-one. Contributed only to *Contemporary Verse*, where his poems attracted wide attention. So important a critic as the late Professor Francis B. Gummere wrote of him: "His verses will be read and valued, I think, when most of the poetry that now makes loud appeal is forgotten." A volume of his poetry is in preparation.

What if the Lapse of Ages Were a Dream?

May.

In the Sky Garden.

BRADFORD, GAMALIEL. Lives at Wellésley Hills, Mass. The author of several volumes of verse, besides the brilliant historical portraits which have been for many years a feature of the *Atlantic*. His latest lyrics will also appear soon in book form.

The Tissue.

My Youth.

Brown Leaves.

The Drone.

° Expenses.

The Dainty Virtue.

Rousseau.

God.

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

BROWN, ABBIE FARWELL. A Bostonian, best known for her children's books, but also a contributor of verse to *Harper's*, *Bookman*, etc. Her poetry has been collected in book form more than once; and a new book will appear in the Fall.

Tanager.

BURT, MAXWELL STRUTHERS. Originally a Philadelphian, he now lives chiefly in Wyoming. One of the leading younger writers of fiction, also the author of a poetry volume "Among the High Hills."

Fishing.

Stories.

BYNNER, WITTER. Resident in New York, but an ardent traveller, especially in the far east. His work as poet and playwright is known to all who are conversant with the field.

The Two Drinkers (Translated from the French of Charles Vildrac).

It is not Strange.

COATES, ARCHIE AUSTIN. Assistant Editor of *Life*. Has published a volume, besides appearing widely in popular magazines.

Summer Sea.

COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH J. Has lived mainly at Pasadena but is now in Boston. Best known for her Japanesque lyrics, which have been widely printed.

Loneliness.

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD. Mrs. Conkling is a professor at Smith College. Known to all readers of present-day poetry; the author of "Afternoons in April." She expects to publish a new volume shortly.

A Song for My Father.

Dusk in the Garden.

CREW, HELEN COALE. A Graduate of Bryn Mawr, last heard of as in Baltimore.

These Are Thy Sheep, Theocritus.

CURTIS, CHRISTINE TURNER. A New Englander who has begun to appear in American and Canadian periodicals.

Under Autumn Trees.

DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN (Mrs. Leland Davis). Alternates between New York City and Washington State. A frequent contributor to magazines, and author of "Drums in Our Street."

The Door.

Forest Dance.

DE LA SELVA, SALOMON. A Nicaraguan who has immigrated to New York. Author of "Tropical Town and Other Poems."

The Singer Exults.

DRACHMAN, JULIAN M. Born in Greece; at present in New York.

Fire-Weed in the Forest.

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

DRESBACH, GLENN WARD. A resident of New Mexico. The author of numerous volumes of verse, and contributor to many magazines.

Defeat.

Chains.

DRISCOLL, LOUISE. Lives in Catskill, N. Y. Represented in most of the leading anthologies; her first volume is to appear shortly.

God's Pity.

My Garden is a Pleasant Place.

FARRAR, JOHN CHIPMAN. A Yale graduate, now working on the *New York World*. Editor of an anthology of Yale undergraduate verse and author of two original books.

Songs for Parents.

Wish.

A Comparison.

Parenthood.

FLEXNER, HORTENSE. Resides in Louisville. A regular contributor to *Chicago Poetry* and other magazines.

Sand.

The Drafted Mountaineer Salutes.

GINSBERG, LOUIS. A graduate of Rutgers College, teaching at Woodbine, N. J.

In the Hallway.

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

HALL, AMANDA BENJAMIN. Lives at Norwich, Conn. Has contributed to leading magazines and is the author of two novels, the second of which is now in press.

Waif.

The Dancer in the Shrine.

Joy O' Living.

HANLINE, MAURICE A. A Baltimorean.

A Song of Pierrot.

HANLY, ELIZABETH. Lives at Caribou, Me.

Sixteen.

HARDING, D. E. P. Mrs. Harding is from Cleveland.

The Queen's Shrift.

HARE, AMORY (Mrs. Arthur B. Cook). A Philadelphian who has contributed many poems to the *Atlantic Monthly*. She expects to publish a volume shortly.

Today.

"Shine!"

By the Hearth.

HENDERSON, DANIEL. Has moved from Baltimore to New York, where he is connected with *McClure's Magazine*. Has won success in war poetry and published "Life's Minstrel."

The Poet's Path.

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

HERSEY, MARIE LOUISE. A Bostonian.

Contrasts.

HEYWARD, DUBOSE. A young business man of Charleston, S. C., who has contributed verse and short stories to magazines.

An Invocation.

HILLMAN, GORDON MALHERBE. Connected with *The Boston Transcript*.

The Tankers.

HOFFMAN, PHOEBE. A Philadelphian who has contributed to various poetry magazines.

The Freight Yards.

HOLDEN, RAYMOND PECKHAM. A graduate of Princeton, now in New York.

February Twenty-Second.

Funeral.

HOPKINS, GERTRUDE CORNWELL. Associated with the *New York Nation*.

Land of the Free.

HOYT, HELEN. Formerly an associate editor of *Poetry, a Magazine of Verse*.

Make Believe.

Gratitude.

HUCKFIELD, LEYLAND: Of English birth, now living at Rochester, Minn. Has appeared often in the special magazines.

The Old Gods March.

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

HUNTINGTON, C. A. Resides at Lexington, Mass.

Snow.

JENNINGS, LESLIE NELSON. Lives at Rutherford, Cal. Has contributed widely to many sorts of magazines.

Largesse.

JONES, HOWARD MUMFORD. A Professor of English in the University of Texas. Author of the volume "Gargoyles."

A Song of Butte.

JONES, RALPH M. A clergyman of Chester, Vt.

Bed-time.

JONES, RUTH LAMBERT. A resident of Haverhill, Mass. Contributes to popular magazines and newspapers.

Echoes.

KILMER, JOYCE. The only American poet to fall in the war under the colors of his country. A loyal friend and contributor to C. V. from the first. His collected poems have had the success deserved by his manly democratic spirit.

The Ashman.

KIMBALL, FRANCIS T. Wrote us from New York.

Pier 6.

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

LAIRD, WILLIAM. The pen-name of a Philadelphia poet who has been a steady contributor to C. V. and has appeared in other poetry magazines. Represented in Miss Harriet Monroe's anthology of the new poetry.

The Anchor.

An Apple Eater to a Coquette.

A Prayer.

Westward.

LINCOLN, ELLIOTT C. Formerly of Washington State, but now in the east. Author of a book.

Mrs. Senator Jones.

LONG, HANIEL. Teaching English at the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh. Has won notable success in magazine verse.

The Day that Love Came Down to Me.

McCALLIE, MARGARET E. A Georgian.

Distance.

McCLUSKEY, KATHARINE WISNER. A resident of Arizona.

Darkness.

McGEE, MARGARET B. A resident of Columbus, O.

To Dance!

MAVITY, NANCY BARR. Mrs. Mavity has recently moved from New York to the west. Contributor to *The Bookman*, etc.

The Unforgiven.

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

MAYSI, KADRA. The pen-name of a South Carolina writer.

The Taking of Bagdad.

MIDDLETON, SCUDDER. An editor of the magazine *Romance*, New York. Contributor to leading magazines and author of "Streets and Faces" and "The New Day."

The Return.

MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT (Mrs. Young). Lives at Los Gatos, Cal. Contributor of dramatic narratives to leading magazines and author of a volume.

The Choosing.

MOORE, MARIANNE. A graduate of Bryn Mawr who lives in New York City.

Masks.

MORRIS, KENNETH. Professor of literature at the Theosophical College, Point Loma, Cal. Has published mainly in *The Theosophical Path*.

Rondels of Lomaland.

MORSELL, MARY. A New Yorker.

Four Walls.

MORTON, DAVID. Has recently moved from Louisville to Morristown, N. J., where he is teaching. His volume, "Ships in Harbor," which has just won a prize of \$500, is to appear shortly. Probably the best known younger poet in the field of the sonnet.

Beauty Like Yours.

"Shipping News."

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

MURPHY, CHARLES R. Formerly of Carmel, Cal., now at Wellesley Hills, Mass. Translator of a volume of Verhaerer under the title "Songs of the Sunlit Hours."

Stress of Snow.

NEVIN, HARDWICKE MARMADUKE. Son of Mr. Arthur Nevin, of Lawrence, Kan., the famous composer. Studied at Princeton, was wounded in France and awarded the Croix de Guerre.

A Home.

NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND. On the staff of the *New York Evening Post* and now also Associate Editor of *Contemporary Verse*. Her poems here included were printed before she joined the magazine. Is planning an original volume of verse.

Revelation.

Candle Famine in Paris.

NOVAK, RUTHELE (Mrs. E. W.). American by birth; lives at Nashville, Tenn.

The Man at the Plow.

A Day in May.

O'BRIEN, EDWARD J. Formerly of South Yarmouth, Mass., but abroad until recently. Has brought out volumes of original verse and edited collections of the best magazine short stories.

Pulvis Et Umbra.

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

O'CONOR, NORREYS JEPHSON. A Bostonian, author of original volumes and translations from the Old Irish.

The Bells of Erin.

OLIVER, JENNIE HARRIS. Lives in Oklahoma.

The Ruined 'Dobe.

PATTON, MARGARET FRENCH. A North Carolinian.

Comfort.

PERCY, WILLIAM ALEXANDER. Has returned from the war to resume the practice of law at Greenville, Miss. A contributor to leading magazines and author of "Sappho in Leukas."

The Soldier Generation.

PINDER, FRANCES DICKENSON. Lives in Jacksonville, Fla. Has appeared in *Art and Life*.

Inland.

Peace.

PIPER, EDWIN FORD. An Iowan, author of "Barbed Wire."

Gee-up Dar, Mules.

POTTER, MARGIE. Lives in Washington, D. C.

Mist.

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

RAVENEL, BEATRICE (Mrs. Frank G.). A resident of Charleston, S. C. Contributor of poetry to the *Atlantic* and of short stories to *Harper's* and *The Saturday Evening Post*.

To You.

The Day You Went.

In.

Broomgrass.

Certainty.

RAYMUND, BERNARD. A Chicagoan who has contributed much to the special poetry magazines.

Kathleen.

REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH. Perhaps the most notable of living American women in the field of poetry.

Not I.

ROBERTS, MARY ELEANOR. A Philadelphian, author of "Cloth of Frieze."

The Coquette to the Apple-Eater.

ROCHE, JOHN PIERRE. Originally of Milwaukee. Was active in soldiers' magazines at the front during the war.

Life as a Gage You Flung.

ROOT, E. MERRILL. A graduate of Amherst, resident before the war in St. Louis.

My Mother.

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

SABEL, MARX G. A lawyer in Jacksonville, Fla.

Inviolatè.

SHEPARD, ODELL. Professor at Trinity College, Hartford. Author of "A Lonely Flute."

The Elm.

SHUEY, MARY WILLIS. Mrs. Shuey was in Florida at our last advice. Has contributed to various poetry magazines.

Patchwork.

SMITH, MARION COUTHOUY. Lives at East Orange, N. J., and has published a volume entitled "The Final Star."

The Waterfall.

SPEYER, LEONORA (Mrs. Edgar). Born at Washington, but long resident in England as the wife of Sir Edgar Speyer, who has given up his title after settling in New York. Her most successful poems have appeared in C. V., but she has been liberally represented in many other periodicals.

Rendezvous.

The Naturalist on a June Sunday.

Sekhmet, the Lion-Headed.

Spring Cowardice.

STERN, CAROLINE. Lives at Greenville, Miss.

The Bird.

STEWART, CLARE D. Lives in Seattle.

Crossing on the Seattle Ferry.

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

TEASDALE, SARA (Mrs. Ernst Filsinger). Formerly of St. Louis, now of New York. The best known love poet in this country today.

Three Songs for E.

Gray Eyes.

Meadowlarks.

The Net.

THOMSON, O. R. HOWARD. A librarian in Williamsport, Pa. Has appeared frequently in *The New York Times* and published a volume.

Betrayal and Absolution.

TRAPNELL, EDNA VALENTINE. A New Yorker who has appeared mainly in C. V., but has also won success in popular magazines.

TROTH, JOHN T. Born in West Chester, Pa., and a graduate of Haverford College. The poem here included was admired by Prof. Gummere, the leading authority of the time on the English ballad. "Silent Sam" would appear to have left the deepest impression of anything ever printed in C. V.

The Last Speech of Silent Sam.

TROY, DANIEL W. A lawyer in Montgomery, Ala. Formerly a student at the University of Pennsylvania.

Won by Ear.

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

UNTERMEYER, LOUIS. A New York business man, poet, and critic, the author of numerous volumes too widely known to need mention. Contributor of verse to leading magazines and reviewer for *The New Republic*.

The American.

VAN SLYKE, BERENICE K. A graduate of Wellesley, now in France doing relief work. Has contributed to the *Atlantic* and *Chicago Poetry*.

I Stood at Twilight.

Home.

VEDDER, MIRIAM. A graduate of Wellesley; now in New York.

The Watchman.

WARING, JOHN M. The pen-name of a poet living near Wilmington, Del.

The Soul's Goodbye.

WARVELLE, EFFIE BANGS. A Chicagoan.

Winter Flowers.

WATTLES, WILLARD. Teaches at the University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan. Contributor to poetry magazines and others, author of "Lanterns in Gethsemane."

Silenced.

Courage, Mon Ami!

Ha! Ha!

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

WELLES, WINIFRED. Resides at Norwich, Conn. Has contributed to magazines, especially the *North American Review*, and has just published her first volume, "The Hesitant Heart."

In An Old House.

Narcissus.

After Sorrow.

WELSH, ROBERT GILBERT. A New York writer who was overseas by our last advice. Contributor to the *Century* and to Miss Rittenhouse's "Little Book of Modern Verse."

Gold-in-Gray.

WHEELOCK, JOHN HALL. Connected with the publishing house of Scribner's, New York. Author of four volumes, the last of which is entitled "Dust and Light." Represented in practically all the best magazines and anthologies.

Return After Death.

WIDDEMER, MARGARET (Mrs. Robert Haven Schauffler). Formerly of Doylestown, Pa., now at Larchmont, N. Y. Author of numerous novels and two volumes of verse, one of which divided the prize for the best book of poetry appearing in 1918.

From "Songs for a Mask."

Swanhild Sings to the Knight.

Biographical Index to Poets Represented

WILKINSON, MARGUERITE (Mrs. Henry M.).

Now living in New York. Well known for her services to poetry as critic and anthologist, especially in her volume "New Voices." She is about to publish her second book of original poems.

Weather.

WILLIAMS, OSCAR C. Now in Brooklyn. Has contributed widely to magazines for a poet of eighteen, and is planning a volume.

Bubbles.

WILSON, JOHN FRENCH. A graduate of Haverford College, now practicing law in Cleveland. The sonnets here printed were among the most widely quoted poems of the year 1919.

Week-End Sonnets.

WOOD, CLEMENT. Born in Alabama, now teaching in New York. Author of the volumes "Glad of Earth" and "The Earth Turns South." Winner of several poetry prizes and about to make his début as a novelist.

The Poem.

I Would not Die in April.

WOOD, ELEANOR DUNCAN. Resides in the south. Challenge.

WYLIE, ELINOR. Lives in Washington, D. C.

"Les Lauriers sont Coupés."

Author Contemporary Verse

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